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NOVEMBER 1947

10^c

Shadow

COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.




THE SHADOW

RAIDS CRIME HARBOR

"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

MASTER of the FUTURE or MONSTER of the PAST



Men of evil seeking to control the future or who, becoming Professors of Death, make the Past do their evil deeds—then it's time to call for The Shadow. The man who has proven, on a thousand cases, that

CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Nick Carter, Doc Savage and Flatty Foote adventures in fighting crime make the **SHADOW COMICS** the world's most popular Comic.

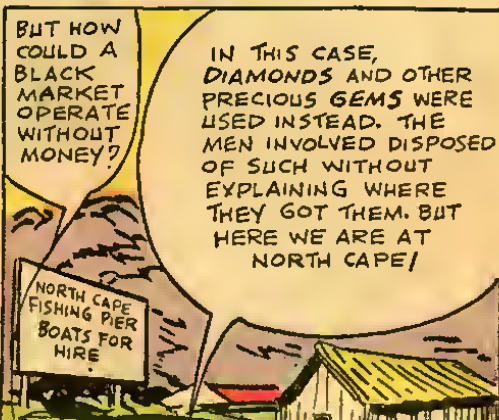
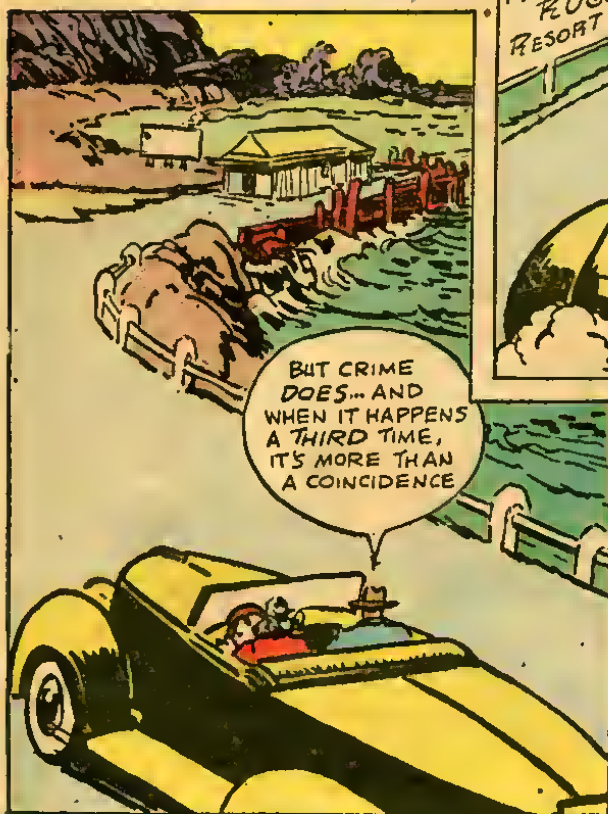
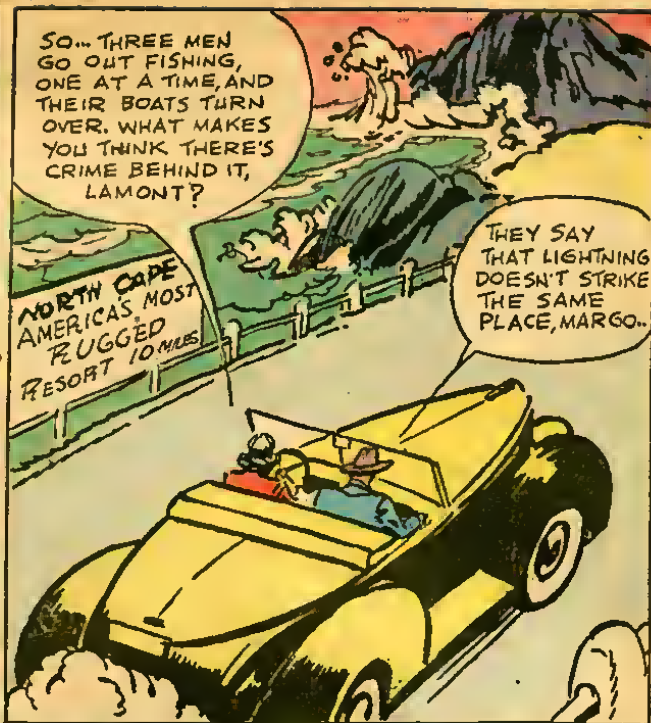
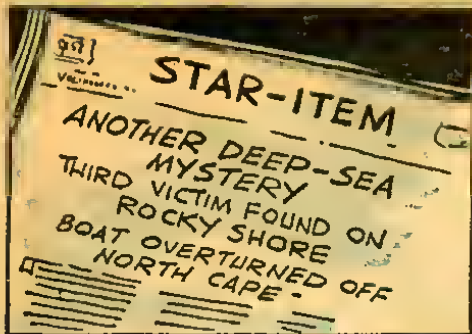
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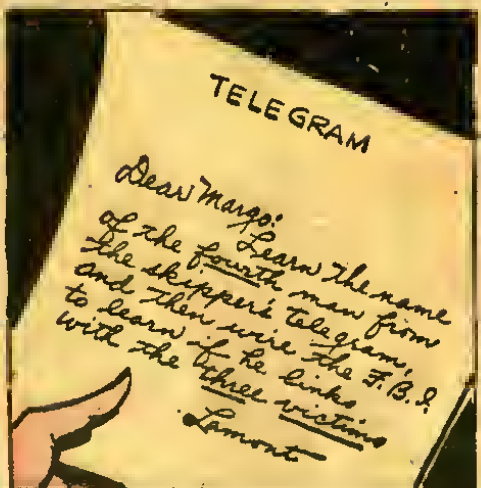


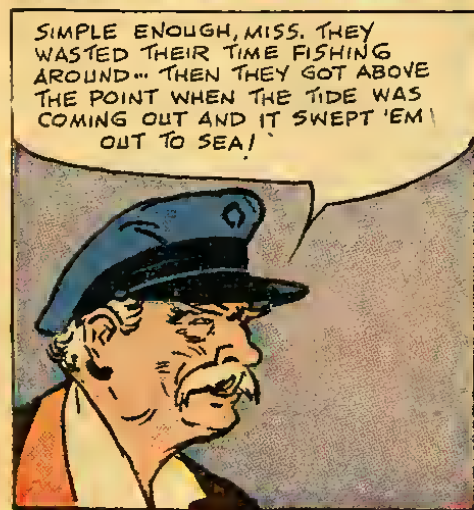
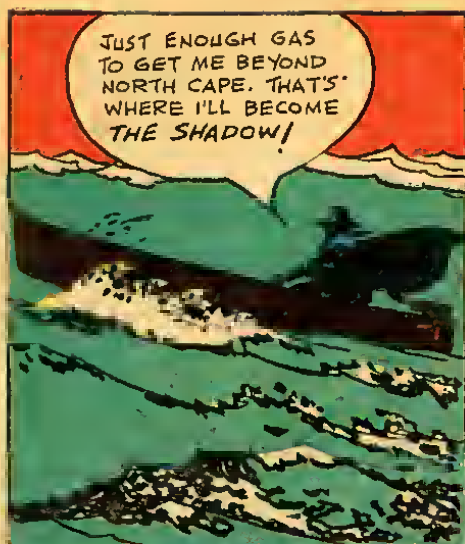
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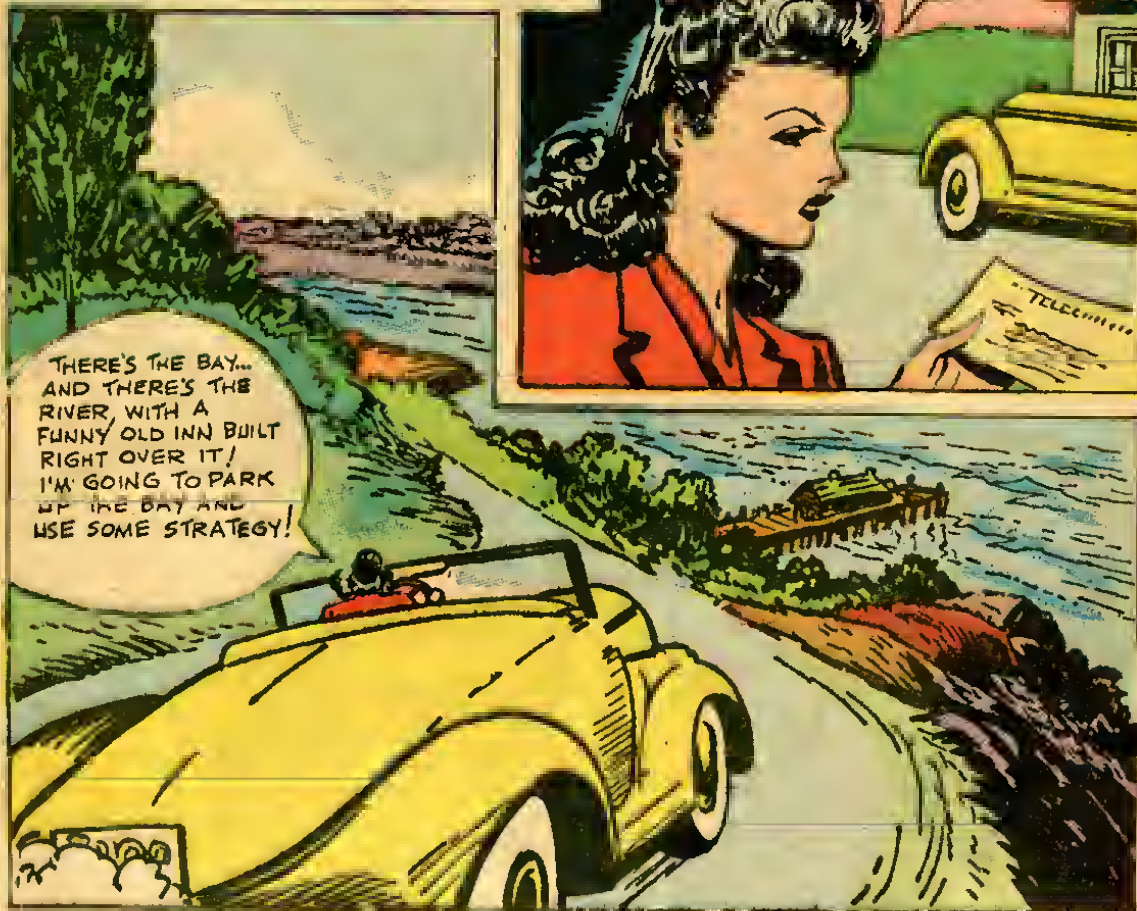
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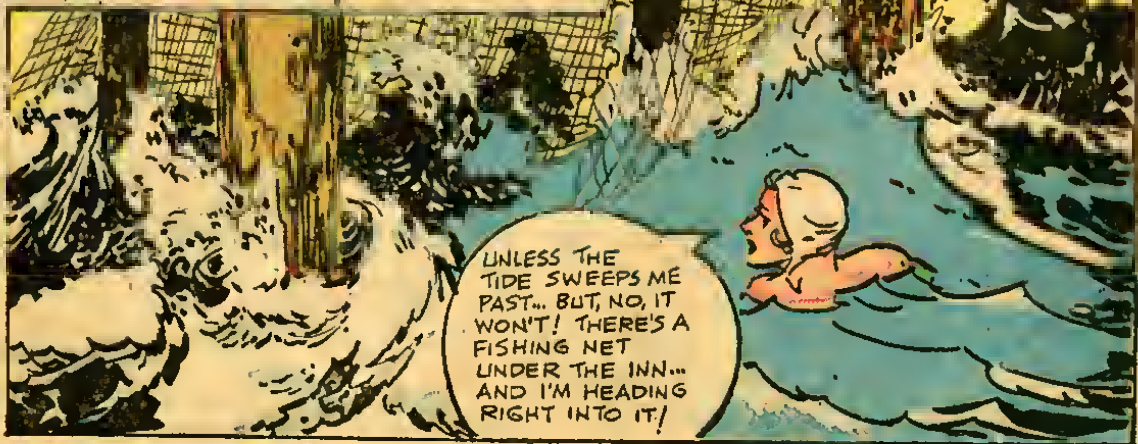










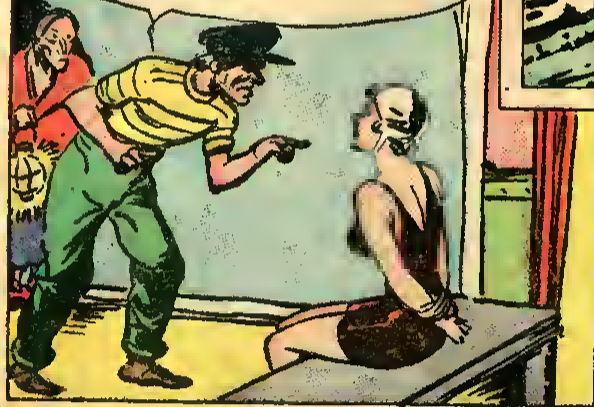






TIME AND TIDE MAY WAIT FOR NO MAN, BUT TIDE SEEMS TO BE TAKING IT'S TIME!!!

THOSE DUD TORPEDOES WERE SENT IN BY THE U-BOATS LOADED WITH DIAMONDS, GEMS AND OTHER STOLEN VALUABLES. WE HOOKED THEM THROUGH THE BLACK MARKET BUNCH... HOLFAX... CARRINGWOOD... DELSHAM...



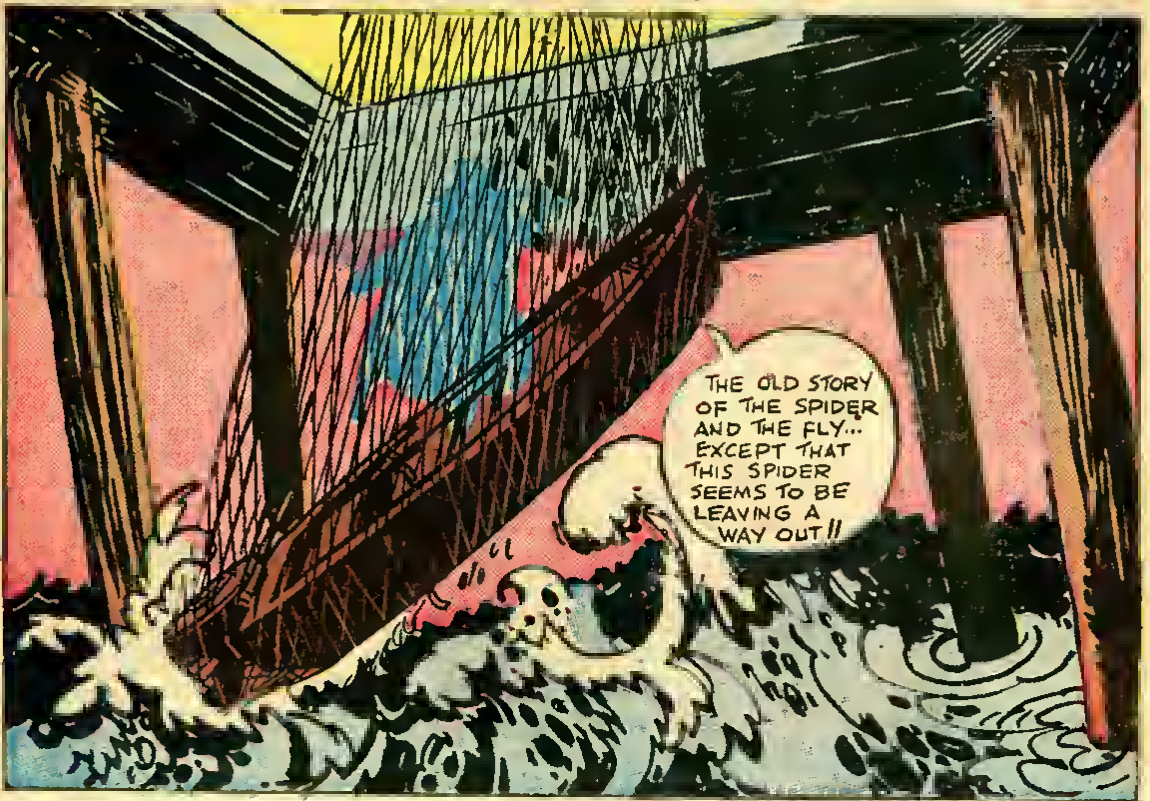
THEY CAME IN WITH THE TIDE, ON PURPOSE, THE FOOLS! WE SENT THEIR BOATS OUT WITH THE TIDE...

AND WE SENT THE MEN OUT TOO, IN SACKS LIKE THIS!



AND NOW THE GAME IS OVER. WE INVITED THOSE THREE HERE TO GET RID OF THEM! TOLD 'EM WE HAD MORE JUNK THEY COULD BUY... A FINAL SHIPMENT... HAW, HAW!!!

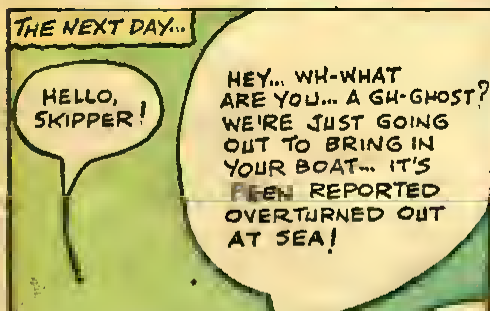
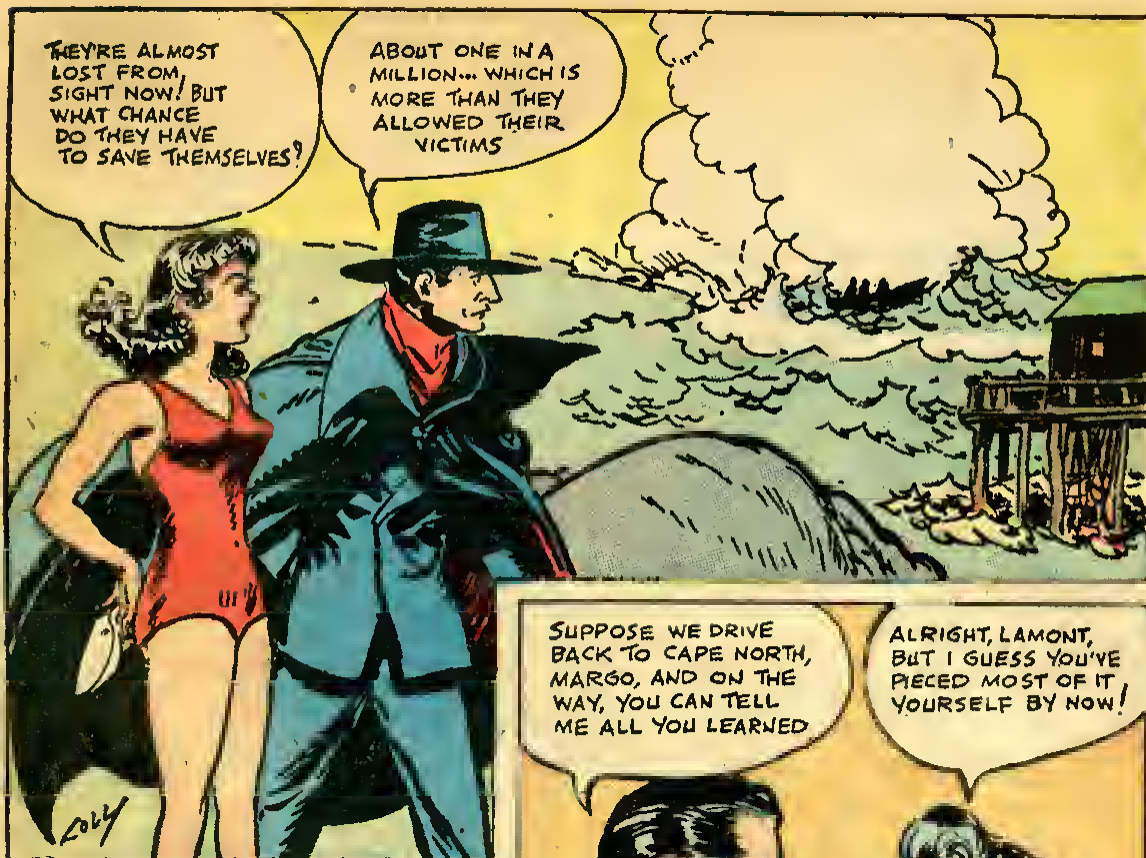










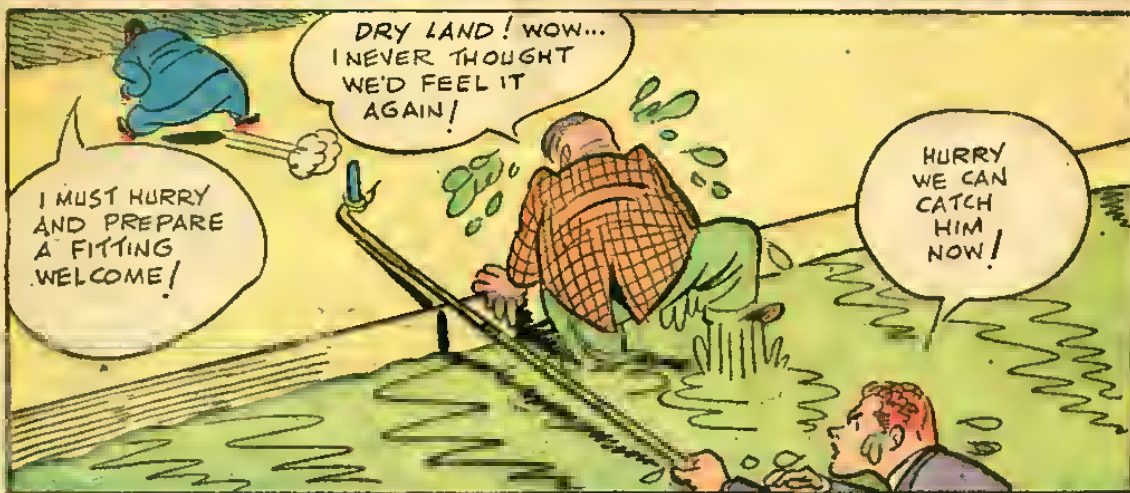
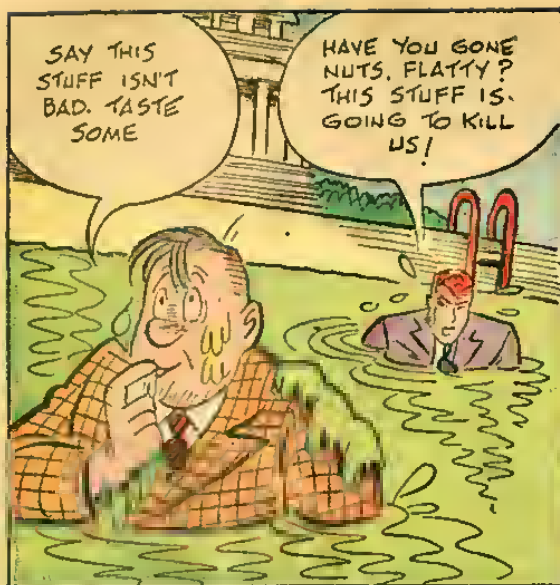


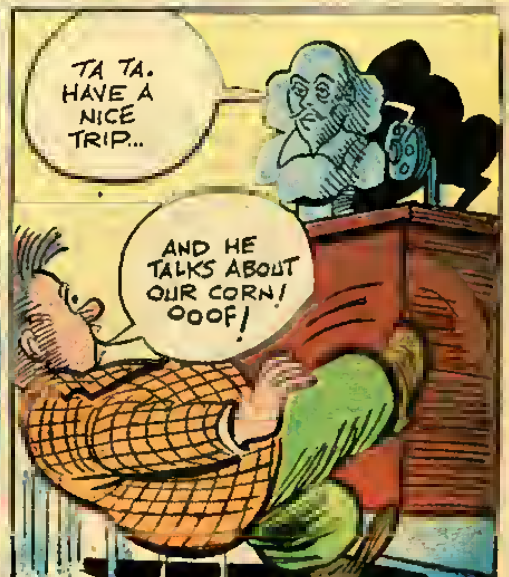
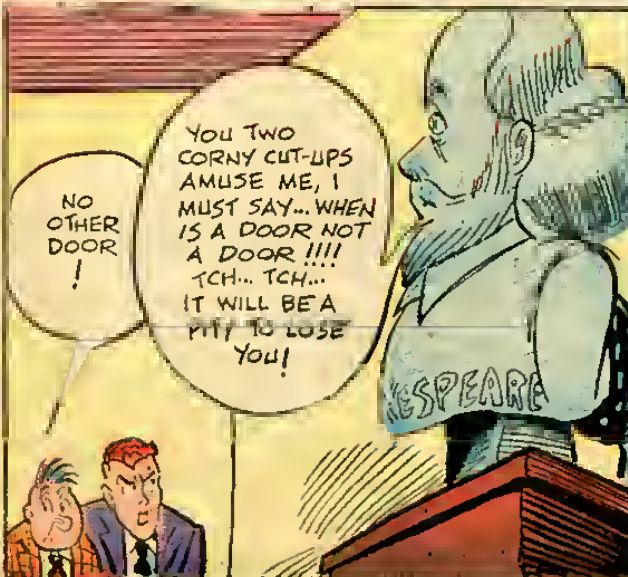
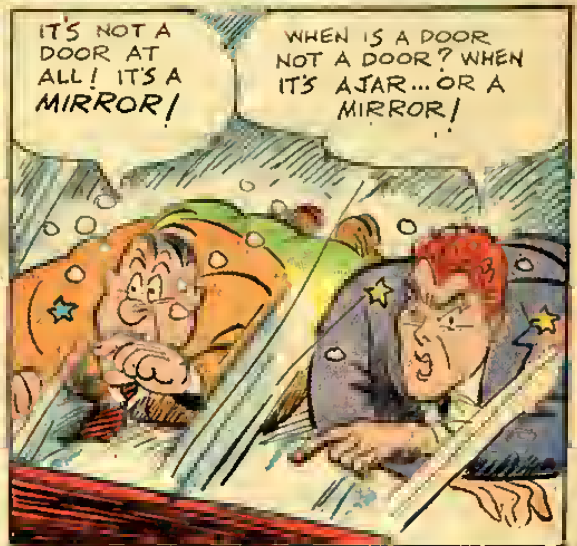
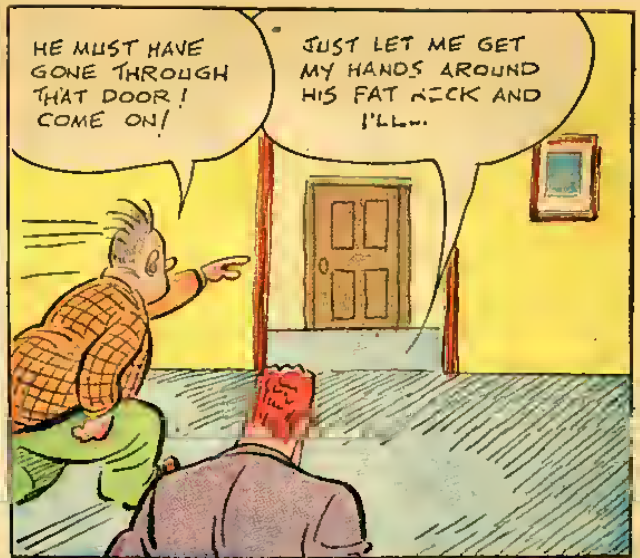
flatty foote

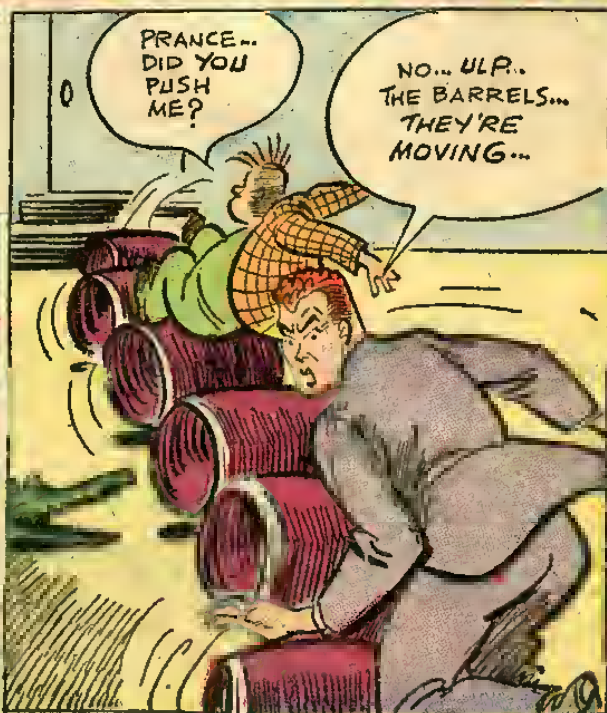
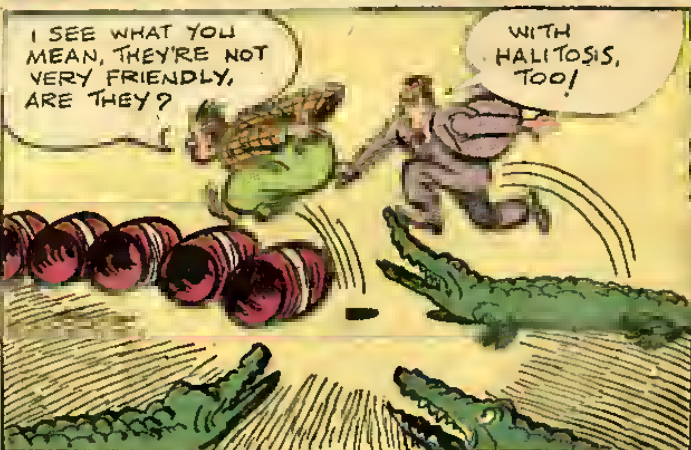
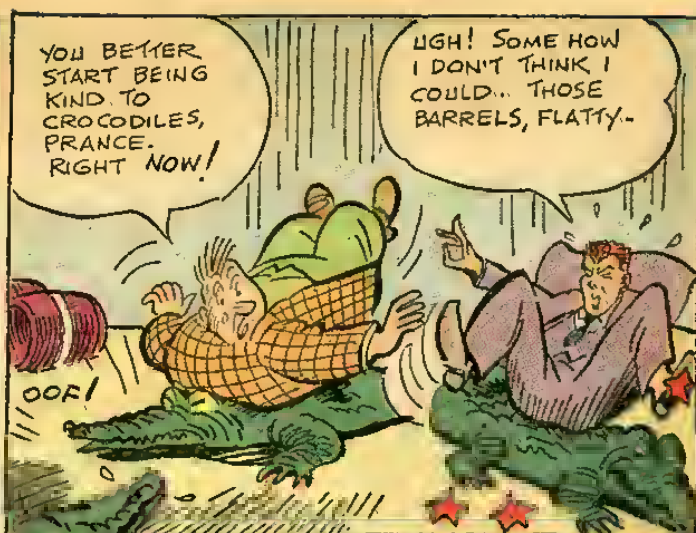
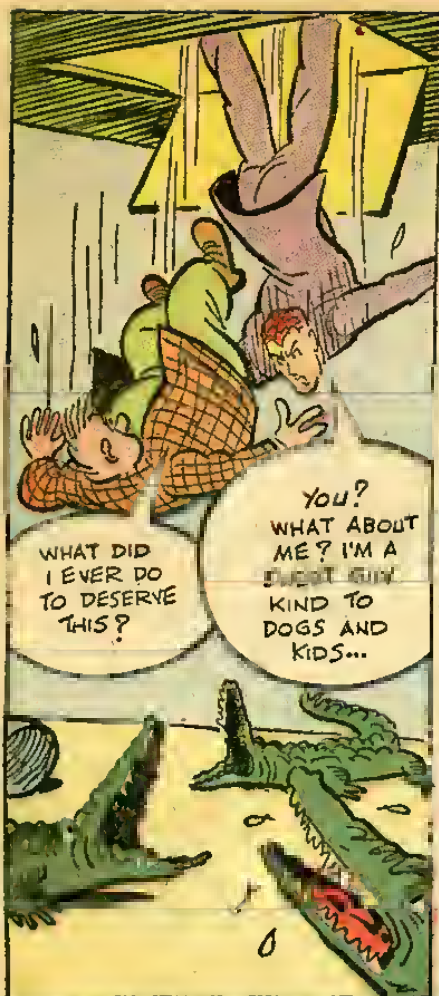
"THIS'LL KILL YOU..."

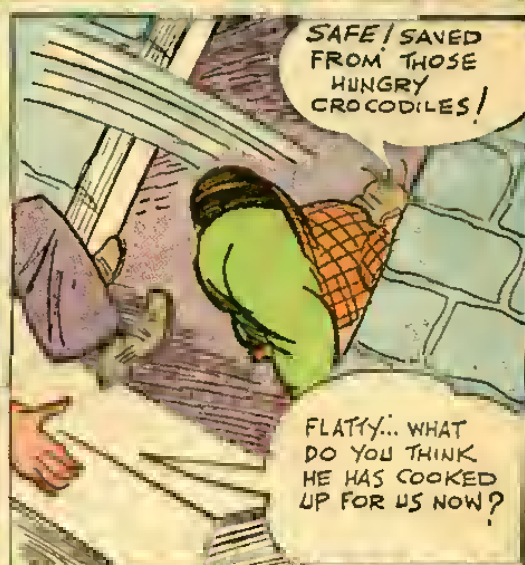
WOE TO THE DAY ON WHICH FLATTY'S PATH OVER-LAPPED THAT OF THE FIENDISH AND INCALCULABLE MR. REKOT. ----- WE LEFT THEM DROWNING IN A SWIMMING POOL FULL OF LIME GELATINE...

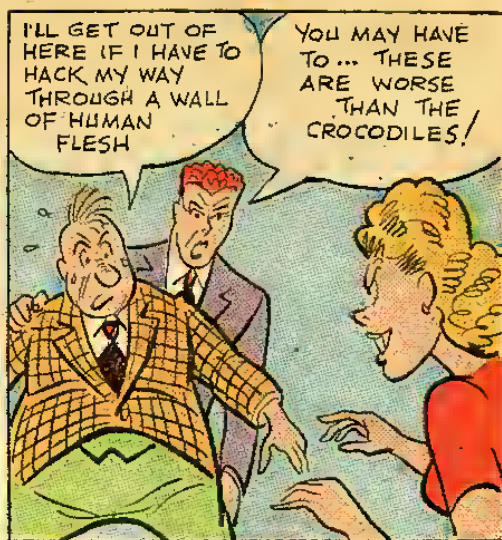
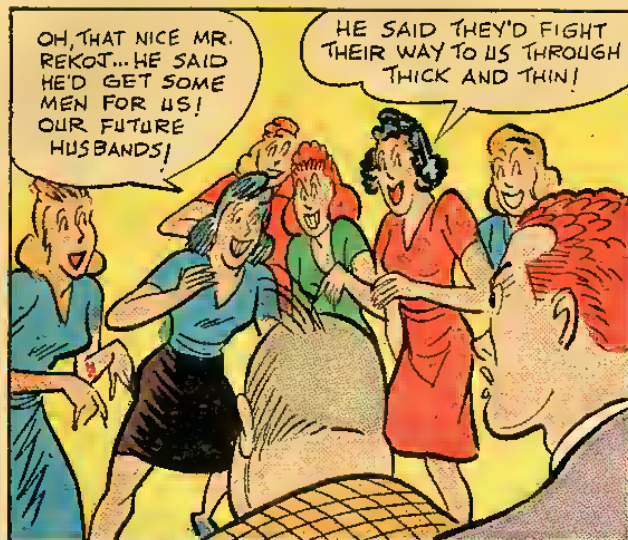












READ THE
NEW
"TOP SECRETS"
IT'S BASED
UPON THE
EXPLOITS OF
THE
F.B.I.
NOW ON
SALE!
IT'S
SENSATIONAL!
ONLY A DIME!

Nick Carter!

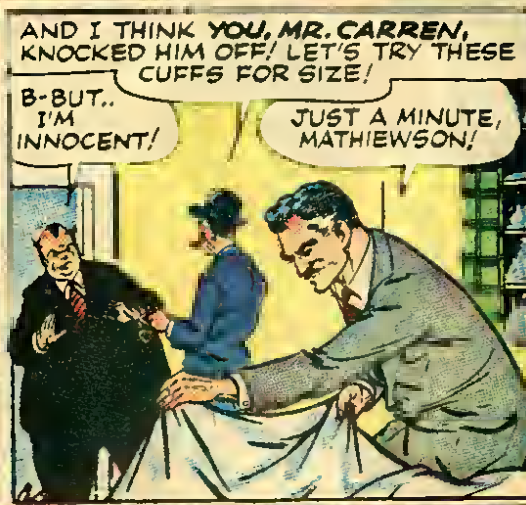
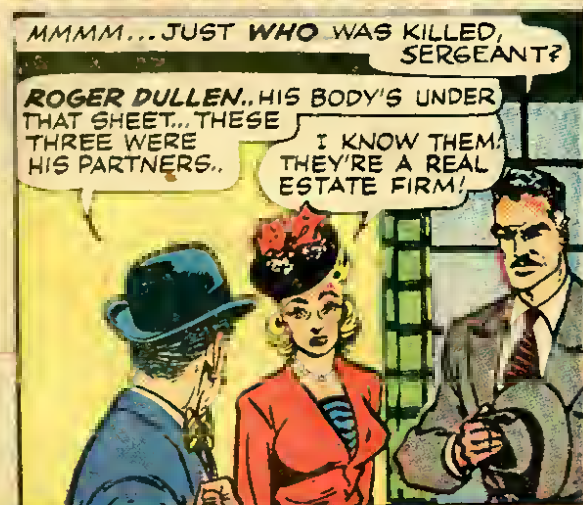
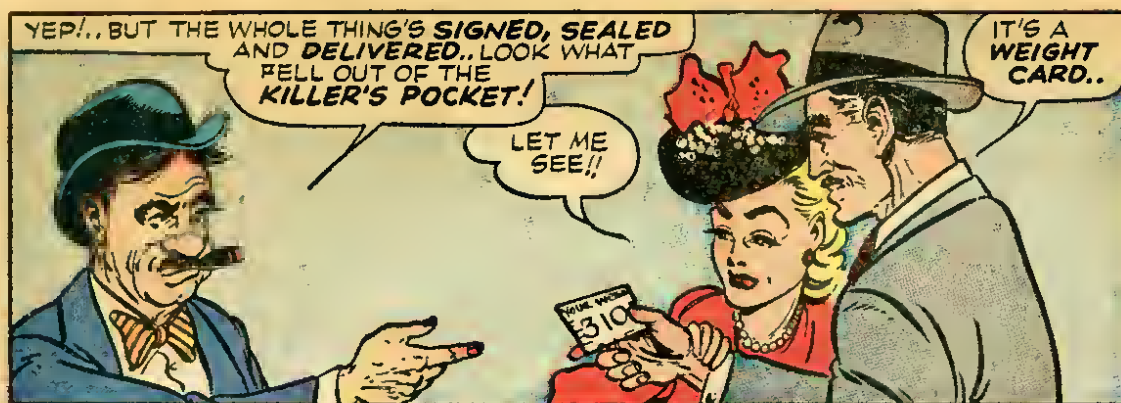
THE CASE OF THE **FATTEST MAN!**



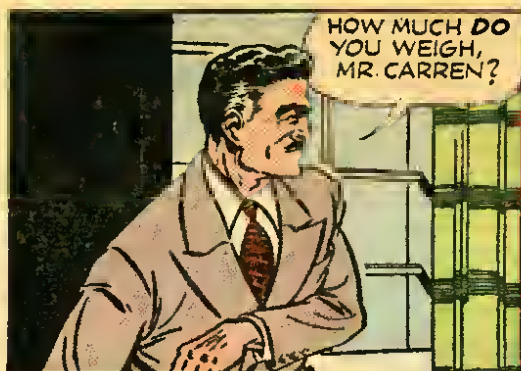
IT WAS THE MOST OPEN AND SHUT CASE THE POLICE HAD EVER SEEN... BUT LEAVE IT TO **NICK CARTER** TO MAKE THE OPENING AND SHUTTING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT THE POLICE EXPECTED...

WELL FOR ONCE, NICK 'N' PATSY, WE DON'T NEED YOU!
OH?.. THERE'S BEEN A **MURDER** COMMITTED, HASN'T THERE?





TUNE IN
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH, MR. CARREN?



I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL THIS FOOL... I'VE NEVER WEIGHED LESS THAN 320 IN THE LAST TEN YEARS!



SO WHAT? THOSE PENNY SCALES ARE WAY OFF! TEN POUNDS MORE OR LESS WON'T SAVE YOU!

NOW JUST HOLD ON, SERGEANT!



I'D LIKE TO HAVE ALL THREE OF THE SUSPECTS WEIGHED ON A GOOD SCALE..

OH YOU WOULD? WELL I... OH! ALLRIGHT! THERE'S A GOOD ONE AT H.Q. ... LET'S GO!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

NOW, FAT STUFF LET'S SEE WHAT YOU SCALE..

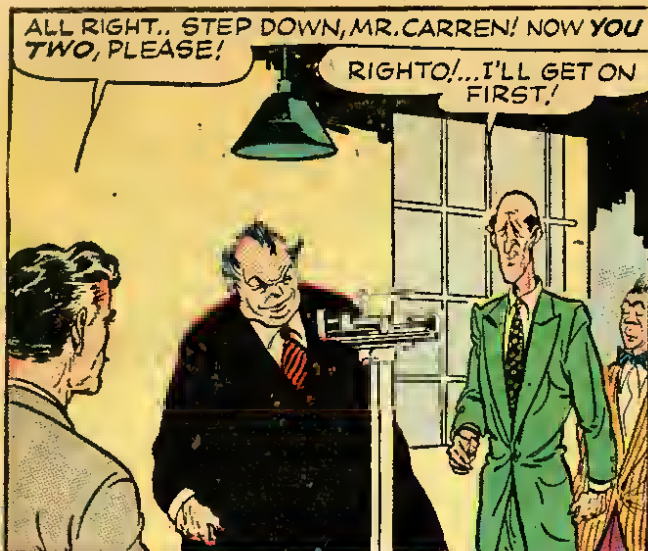
I RESENT THESE INSULTS! HA! THERE! 335!! WHAT DID I TELL YOU!!

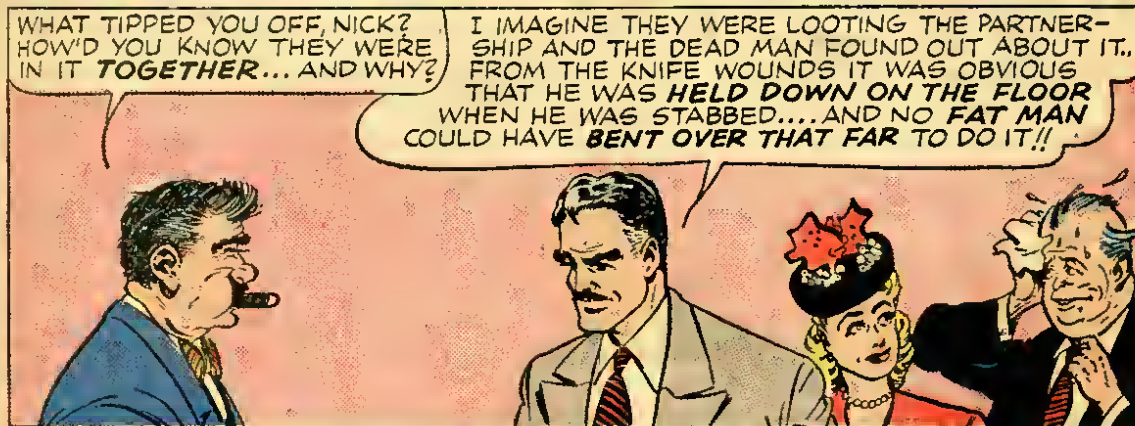
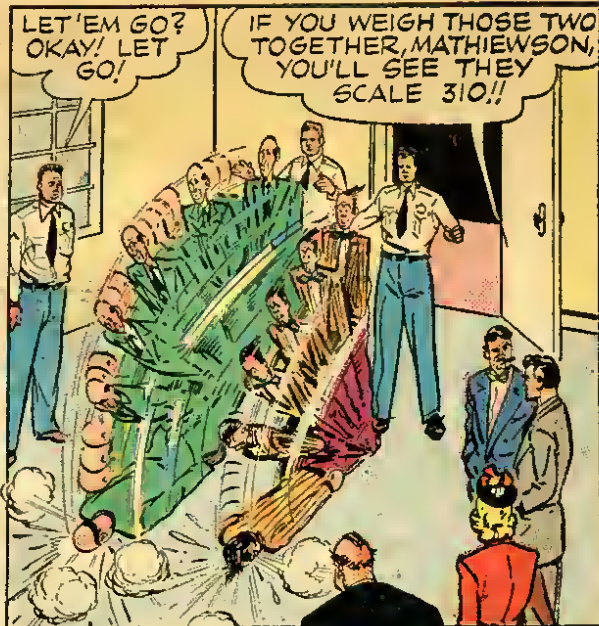
SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER







Inner Circle



"THE DEADLY DOLL!"

"I'VE heard," Nick Carter said to the members of the Inner Circle, "plenty of stories about witchcraft . . . stories in which a wizard makes a doll that is a replica of a person . . . and then puts the hocus on the doll and sticks pins in it . . . the pins are supposed to cause pain to the person whom the doll represents . . . but this case of Deadly Doll had nothing to do with witchcraft . . . and besides . . . the doll was a baby doll . . . one that cried Mama!"

The members leaned forward on the edges of their seats. This sounded interesting. Nick went on, "This baby doll that cried for it's Mama caused more havoc than any witchcraft doll I ever heard of . . . what's more it caused death! Death sudden and swift!"

Chick who was on the podium was as much in the dark about this tale of his foster father's activities as were the other members. He had not heard any of the details because he'd been out of town.

"IT'S MURDER!"

Nick said, "When the police arrived at the apartment of Horace Gilt, Gilt was a corpse. He was on the floor . . . arms outstretched.

"The police went about their work. The window had been jimmied. The killer had come in through the window . . . struck . . . and left. But as far as the police could find out from the servants there was nothing missing.

"They were questioning the butler when I got there. 'You say,' the lieutenant said to the butler, 'that there is nothing missing at all?' The butler thought a moment and then said . . . 'Well . . . Mr. Gilt did come in

with a package tonight. A small package about a foot long and six inches wide. That seems to be gone.' The police searched for that package. There was no sign of it. Instead, one of the cops found in a waste paper basket, a piece of wrapping paper. It was our only clue. It was from a toy store!"

"FILE ON BANDITRY!"

"I," said Nick, "left the police at that point. I had a sneaky hunch in the back of my head about the toy store. The address seemed familiar. I went home and checked through my files, which as you know are as complete on crime as I can make them. Sure enough about two weeks before this murder, there was a jewel store robbery in that neighborhood. The four crooks who had held up the store had made their escape . . . that is two of them did. Two were caught."

Chick sitting behind Nick, grinned. He had an idea that he was sure was correct. Nick went on, "Well, that seemed to clear up the mystery about the deadly doll . . . I presumed that the crooks making their escape, not sure of getting away and not wanting to be caught with the loot on them, had hidden the gems in this doll. They had planned on getting back to the store and buying the doll in question which they must have marked in some way in the store room where they found it."

Chick nodded to himself that was exactly the way he had figured it.

"HEISTI!"

"You can imagine how confused I was, when, on my way down to headquarters to

tell the police about my deductions when I heard a newsboy screaming, 'Readallabout it! Big Hold Up In Toy Store!'"

That wiped the smile off Chick's face. That loused up his idea all right!

"I bought a paper and scanned the details!" Said Nick. "The store that was held up was the one in question all right! Two masked men had walked into the store, held up the place and grabbed as many of the Mama dolls as they could carry! It seemed completely senseless!

"While I was walking along reading the paper, a sound roused me from my reverie. I heard a shot.

"I hurried towards the sound of the shot. I identified myself to a cop who was standing looking at the building with a drawn gun in his hand.

"The police had tear gassed the two hold up bandits out into the open. I must say they looked silly with tears streaming out of their eyes, with squeaking Mama dolls under their arms. They had been ripping the dolls open when the cops got there! Behind them in the room they had come out of, there was a pile of ripped dolls.

"The police handcuffed them and lead them off."

Chick interrupted. "I don't get it, dad."

"I didn't for a little while either . . . oh, of course it was obvious that they had killed Mr. Gilt for nothing, obviously the doll that Gilt had bought was not the one they had hidden the stolen gems in, but I didn't see what had made them so sure he had the doll . . . and why they had been wrong!

"The cops dragged the two crying crooks off to jail. I went into the room where the ripped up dolls were. I looked them over. There was no sign of loot. There were some dolls which the crooks had not had time to rip open . . . I ripped them. No loot.

"Later, down at headquarters I found that the dolls that the crooks had had under their arms were just dolls . . . no gems! It was quite a problem particularly since the crooks of course would not help in any way. They were willing to go to jail for the robbery."

I sat down, at headquarters and brooded. I thought. "They stole the gems, put them in a doll, marked the doll . . . and beat it. Before they could get back, the store sold enough of the dolls to bring some up from the stock room.

"The doll then had been sold to some one else! I called the papers and told them my idea! They cottoned to it and screaming headlines ran the story that some little child someplace in the city was playing with a doll that had a hundred thousand dollars worth of stolen jewels in it!"

"CRY BABIES!"

"I hate to think," Nick smiled, "about all the little girls who must have cried bitterly when their baby dolls were cut open. But it worked. The jewelry store had announced a reward and the following day in came a man with the gems. He'd found them in the new doll that he had bought for his child."

Nick had a drink of water. "That took care of the gems. But the biggest puzzle, to me, remained. What had gone wrong, how come the crooks couldn't identify the doll that had the gems in it?"

"THE TREE FOR THE WOODS!"

"I found, the day after the first robbery that the toy store had announced a sale! That was it! I went to the store and spoke to the manager.

"The whole thing cleared up then. Because of the sale, the clerks had been instructed to write over the price tags on the dolls the new price!

"The crooks had identified the loaded doll by writing on the price tag. The new, sale price went on top of their writing. They could no longer identify their secret mark . . . they couldn't find their doll because there were too many of them!"

As the meeting broke up Beef said, "That's like the old story of the guy who couldn't find the forest because all the trees were in the way."

Chick grinned agreement. The meeting was ended till next month.

Doc Savage

*The
Man
From
Mars!*

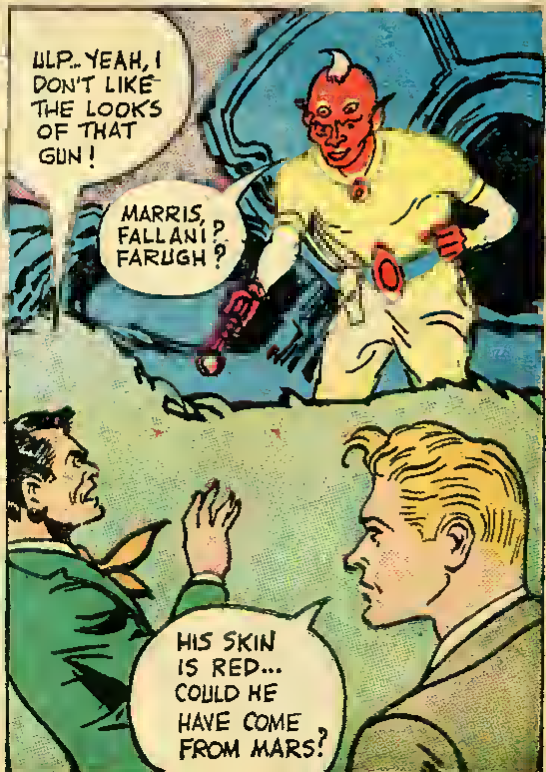
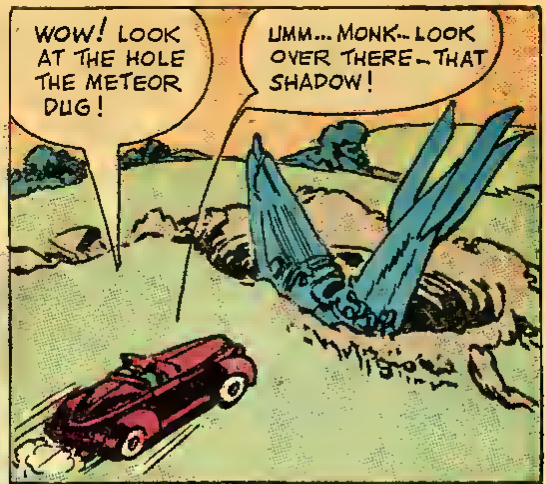
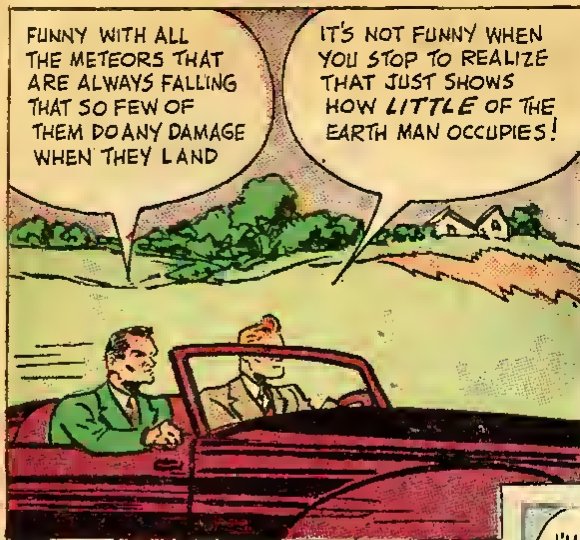
PLUMMETTING OUT OF THE BLUE OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY CAME A FIERY STRANGER... AT DAWN INVESTIGATION SHOWED A WRECKED STRANGE OBJECT... COULD IT HAVE BEEN A ROCKET SHIP FROM OUTER SPACE ????

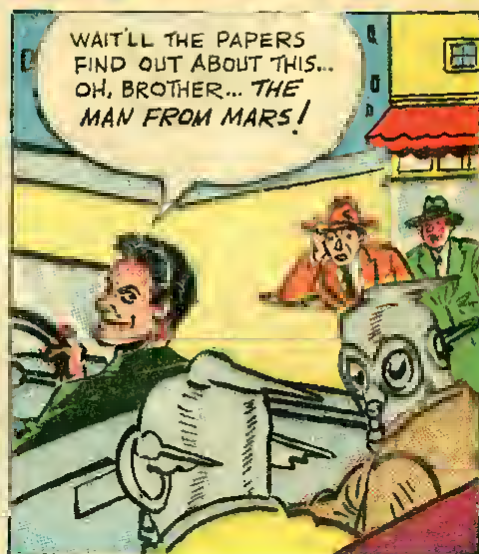
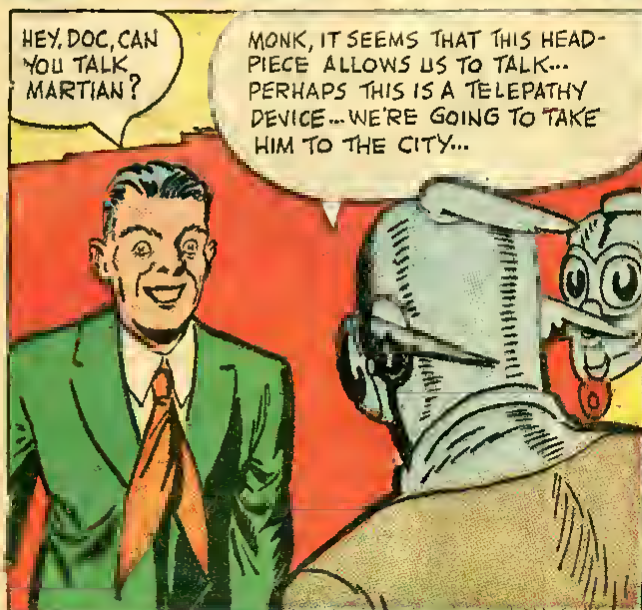
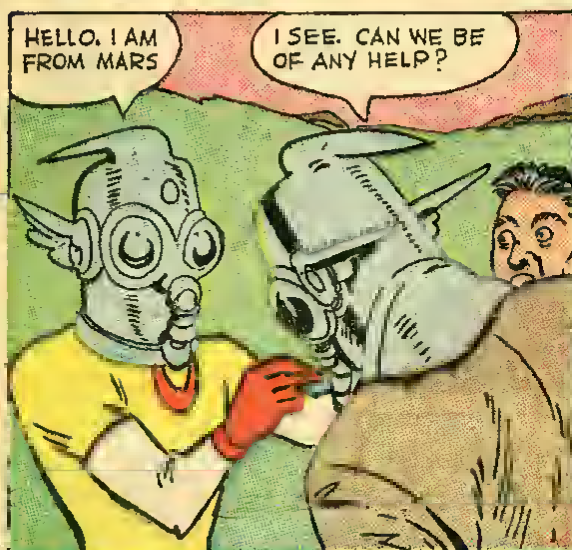
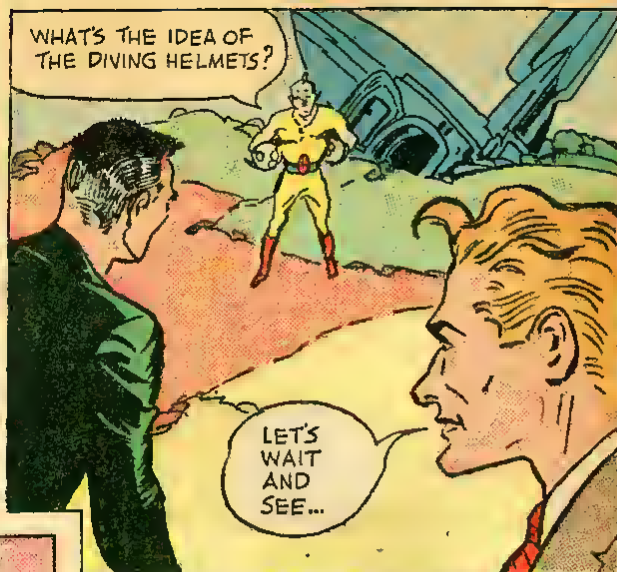
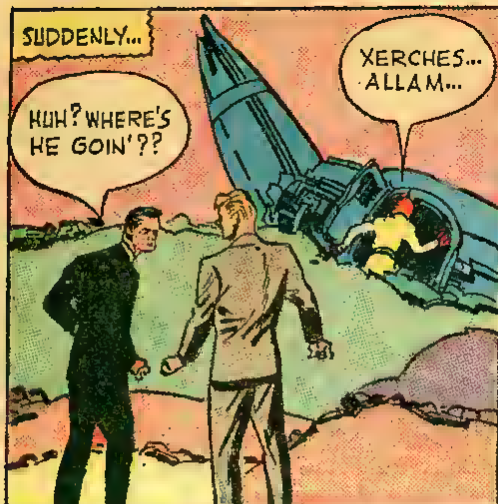


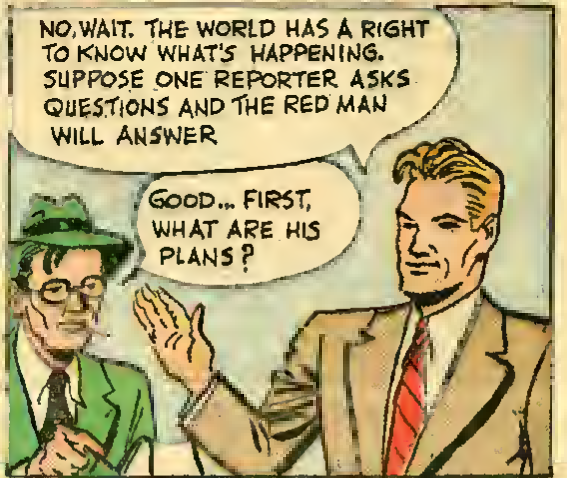
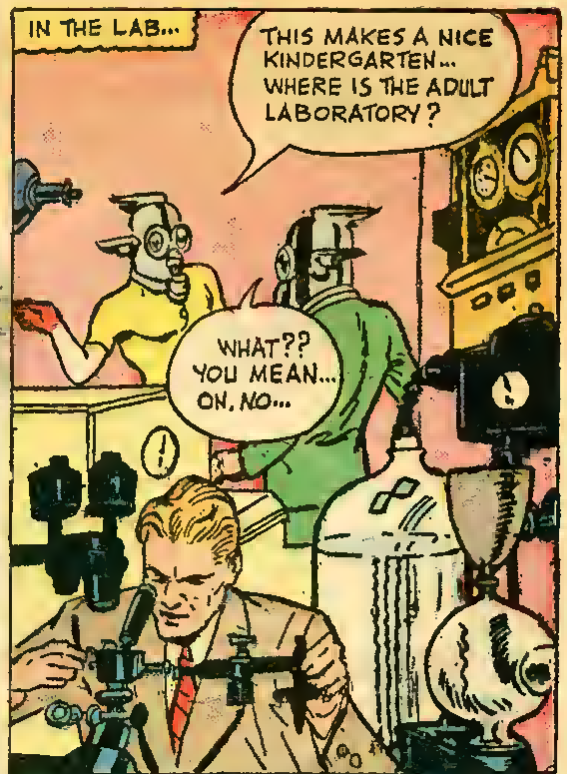
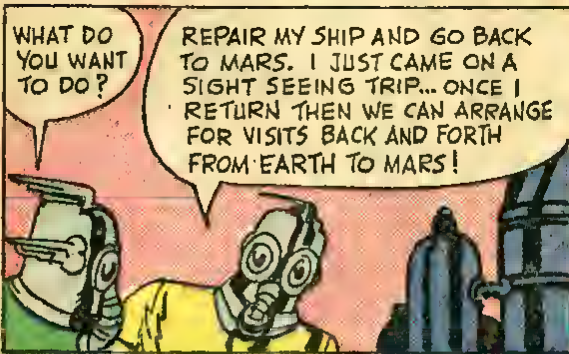
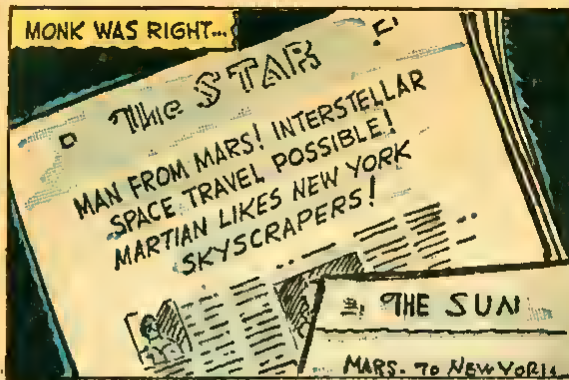
DOC SAVAGE'S LABORATORY...THE OBSERVATORY.

HEY, DOC... THAT METEOR IS GOING TO LAND RIGHT NEAR HERE... WANNA RUN OUT AND TAKE A LOOK?

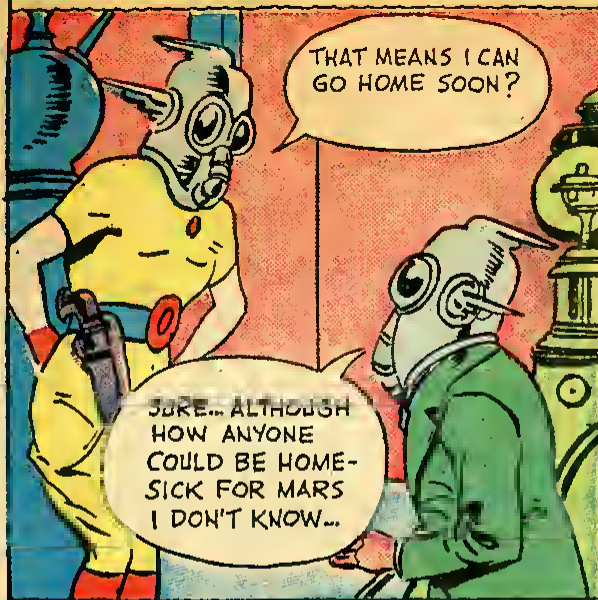
SURE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE EXCITING TO DO...



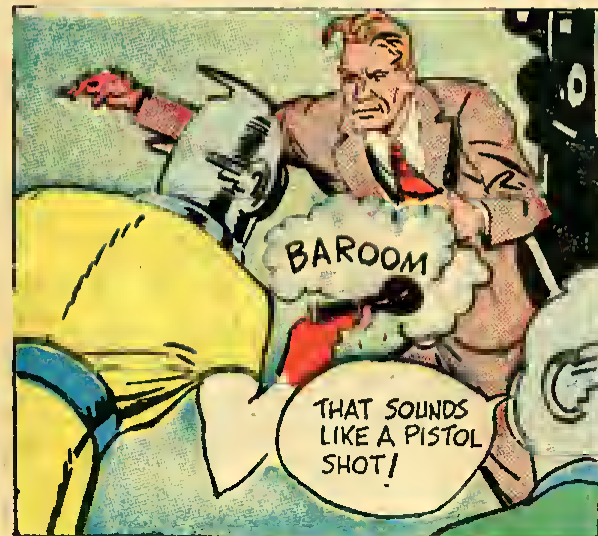
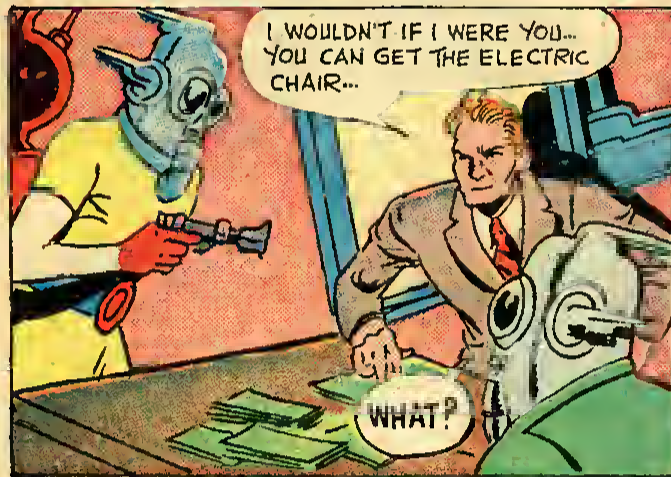
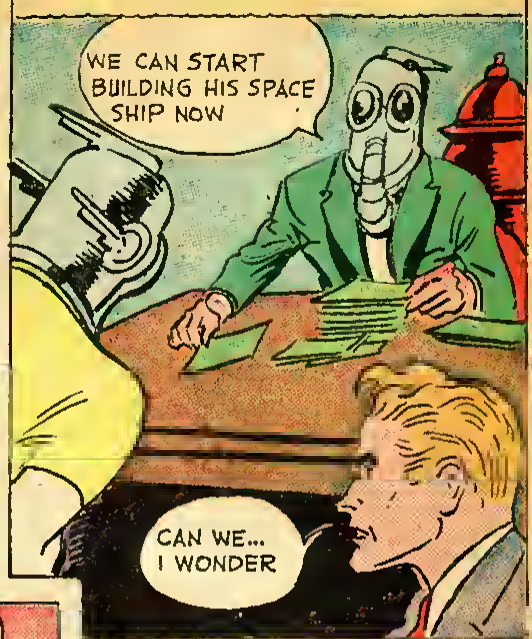


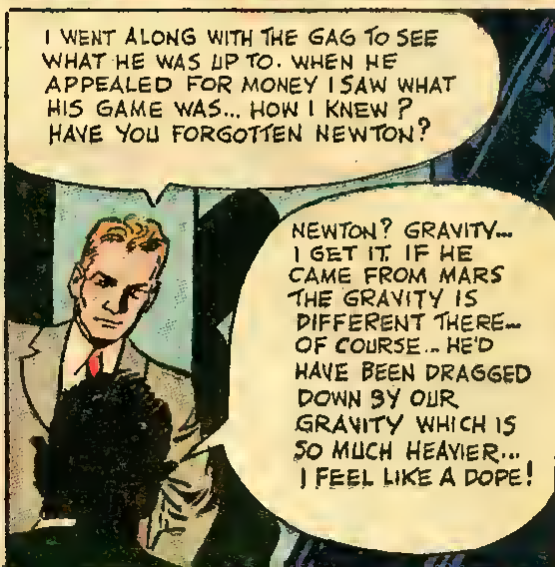


MONK EXPLAINS THAT THE EARTH PEOPLE
WILL GET UP MONEY....



MONEY POURS IN FROM ALL OVER THE
WORLD... THE MAN FROM MARS HAS
CAPTURED THE PUBLIC'S IMAGINATION...





BING DALGREN, FAMOUS TIMES-NEWS REPORTER, SOLVES A PLOT AGAINST HIS OWN LIFE

ANOTHER THRILLING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURE
OF THE NOTED REPORTER-DETECTIVE —
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER



YOU ARE ABA-
AHAB - I'D LIKE
A READING -
WHAT IS
MY FUTURE,
ABA?

SIT DOWN,
MY FRIEND -
ABA AHAB
WILL TELL
YOU ALL -
HE KNOWS
ALL -



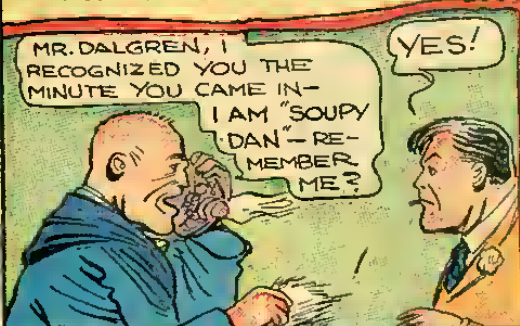
YOU ARE GOING
TO BE INVOLVED
IN A MURDER -

WHOSE?

YOUR
OWN!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER READ DALGREN'S
CARDS AND THEN SHOCKED THE
REPORTER WITH THE ABOVE WORDS -

ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCT. 3, 1937,
BING DALGREN VISITED A FORTUNE-TELLER -
THE DISTINGUISHED REPORTER HAD A
PECULIAR WEAKNESS FOR FORTUNE-TELLING
AND FREQUENTLY DROPPED INTO DIFFERENT
PLACES TO GET A "READING" -



MR. DALGREN, I
RECOGNIZED YOU THE
MINUTE YOU CAME IN -
I AM "SOUPY
DAN" - RE-
MEMBER
ME?

YES!

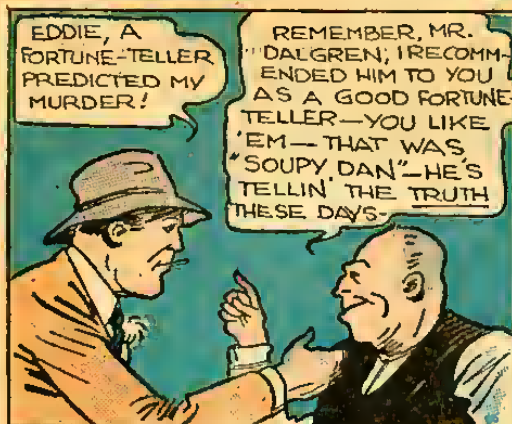


LISTEN, THIS GANG IS
GOIN' TO KNOCK YOU
OFF - THEY FIGURE YOU'RE
MORE POISON TO THEM
THAN THE REGULAR
POLICE DICKS -

THANKS
DAN -

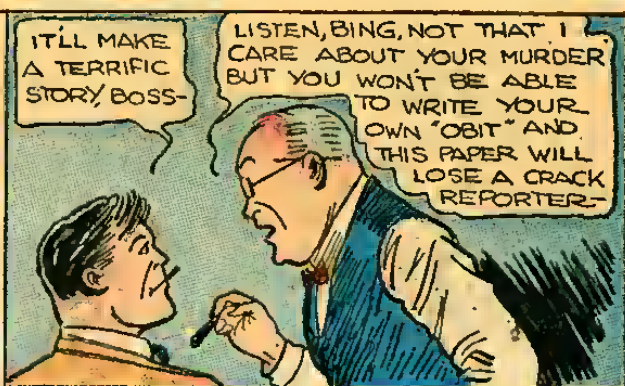
SUDDENLY THE CARD-READER REMOVED
HIS TURBAN, FALSE MUSTACHE AND
WHISKERS AND IDENTIFIED HIMSELF
TO BING -

"SOUPY DAN" WAS AN EX-CONVICT WITH A
LONG CRIMINAL RECORD - HE THEN
WENT ON TO INFORM DALGREN OF
A PLOT AGAINST HIS (BING'S) LIFE -



EDDIE, A FORTUNE-TELLER PREDICTED MY MURDER!

REMEMBER, MR. DALGREN; I RECOMMENDED HIM TO YOU AS A GOOD FORTUNE-TELLER—YOU LIKE 'EM—THAT WAS "SOUPY DAN"—HE'S TELLIN' THE TRUTH THESE DAYS—



IT'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC STORY, BOSS—

LISTEN, BING, NOT THAT I CARE ABOUT YOUR MURDER BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WRITE YOUR OWN "OBIT" AND THIS PAPER WILL LOSE A CRACK REPORTER—

"HARD EDDIE," ANOTHER EX-CONVICT, WAS A "TIP-OFF MAN" FOR THE GREAT REPORTER, AND BING HASTENED TO SEE HIM—

DALGREN SAW A BIG STORY IN THIS THREAT TO HIS LIFE AND HE WENT INTO CONFERENCE WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY—

THREATEN TO KILL REPORTER!

BY JASON HAMBRIDGE

GANGLAND PREDICTS THE MURDER OF A NEW YORK REPORTER. THE UNDERWORLD IS NOW OUT TO "GET" A CERTAIN NEWSPAPERMAN WHO IS REGARDED AS "POISON" BY THEM. THEY HAD BETTER DO A QUICK, NEAT JOB OF IT BECAUSE



SALLY, I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME TO THE SCENE OF MY MURDER—

BING, ARE YOU CRAZY?

BING DECIDED TO WRITE A "BLIND" STORY UNDER ANOTHER NAME FOR HIS PAPER—A STORY "BAITED" TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE CRIMINAL WORLD—ABOVE IS PART OF WHAT HE WROTE—

TWO DAYS LATER, BING RECEIVED AN INVITATION FOR TWO TO A HOUSE PARTY IN THE COUNTRY, THE HOME OF SHELBY G. CARTER—BING INVITED SALLY SHERLOCK, A TIMES-NEWS FEATURE WRITER, TO ACCOMPANY HIM—



ALLRIGHT, BUD, LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!

WHAT?

WONDERFUL, OFFICER! I'M ON THE WAY TO MY OWN KILLING!

OH, BING, DARLING!!

THE NIGHT WAS DARK WHEN HE STARTED FOR THE CARTER ESTATE—DRIVING HIS OWN CAR, DALGREN WAS DOING SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR WHEN A MOTOR-CYCLE OFFICER ORDERED HIM TO PULL UP—BING WAS GLAD TO COMPLY—



LISTEN, MR. DALGREN, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN DRINKING, HAVE YOU?

I'M TO BE MURDERED SOON—

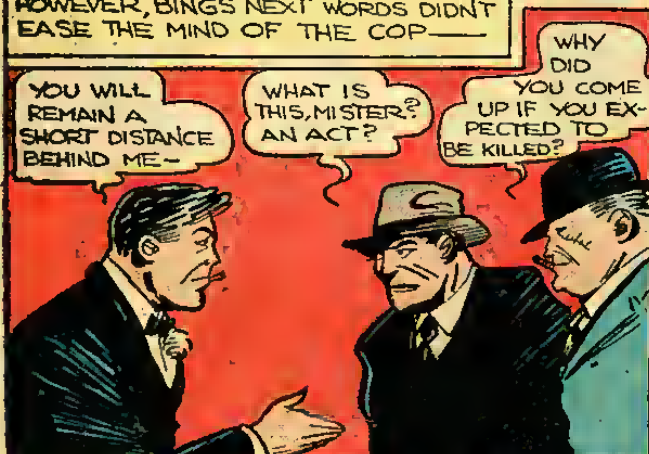
WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THE FAMOUS REPORTER SHOWED THE OFFICER HIS LICENSE AND HIS NEWSPAPER POLICE CARD—HOWEVER, BING'S NEXT WORDS DIDN'T EASE THE MIND OF THE COP—



SAY, SARGE, THERE'S A GUY HERE WHO WANTS POLICE PROTECTION TONIGHT. WILL YOU SEND OVER A COUPLE OF PLAIN CLOTHES MEN?

DALGREN INFORMED THE OFFICER OF HIS (BING'S) DESTINATION AND ASKED THAT COUNTY DETECTIVES BE ASSIGNED TO FOLLOW HIS CAR—THE COP PHONED HEADQUARTERS—



YOU WILL REMAIN A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND ME—

WHAT IS THIS, MISTER? AN ACT?

WHY DID YOU COME UP IF YOU EXPECTED TO BE KILLED?

THE DETECTIVES WERE ROUNDED UP AND BING TOLD THEM WHAT HE DESIRED—THESE MEN, TOO, WERE MYSTIFIED—THEY WERE INCLINED TO LAUGH IT OFF—

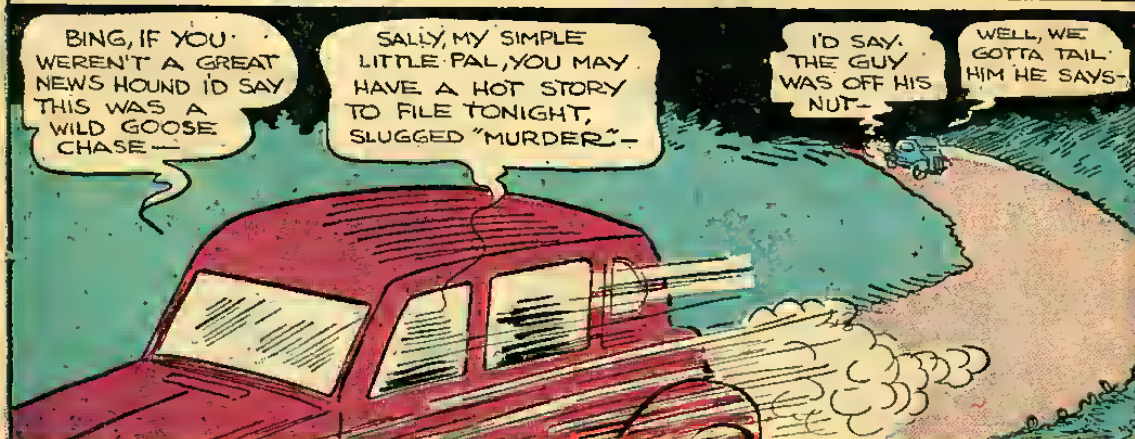


WELL, BOYS, TONIGHT YOU CAN GRAB SOME KILLERS AND MAKE REPUTATIONS FOR YOURSELVES—OTHERWISE I'LL GO BACK TO NEW YORK—

WE'LL GO—

OK PAL—

UPON THREATENING TO RETURN TO NEW YORK IMMEDIATELY THE DETECTIVES AGREED TO FOLLOW BING'S CAR AT A REASONABLE DISTANCE IN THE REAR—



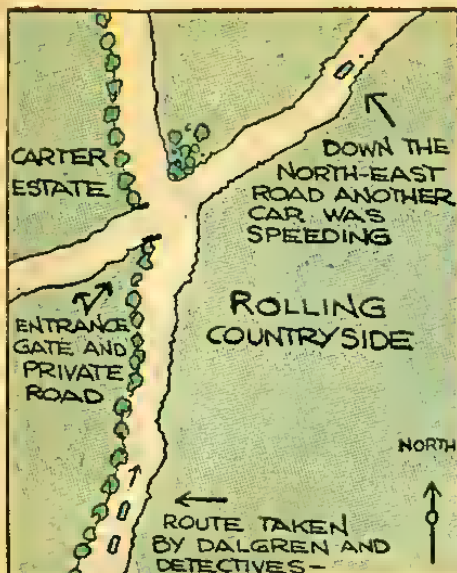
BING, IF YOU WEREN'T A GREAT NEWS HOUND I'D SAY THIS WAS A WILD GOOSE CHASE—

SALLY, MY SIMPLE LITTLE PAL, YOU MAY HAVE A HOT STORY TO FILE TONIGHT, SLUGGED "MURDER"—

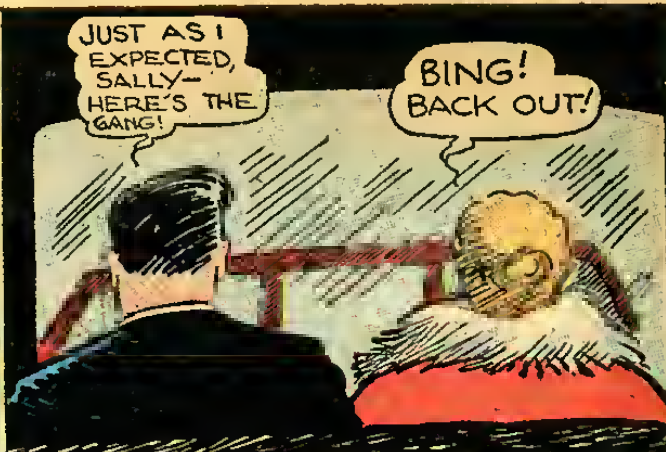
I'D SAY. THE GUY WAS OFF HIS NUT—

WELL, WE GOTTA TAIL HIM HE SAYS—

INTO THE NIGHT DALGREN DROVE WITH SALLY SHERLOCK AT HIS SIDE—A QUARTER OF A MILE BEHIND THEM TRAILED THE COUNTY DETECTIVES—THIS WAS A NEW ONE FOR THE OFFICERS—NEWSPAPERMEN HAD STRANGE IDEAS—



IN THE MEANTIME HERE IS A DIAGRAM SHOWING LOCATION OF AND ROADS LEADING TO THE SHELBY CARTER ESTATE —



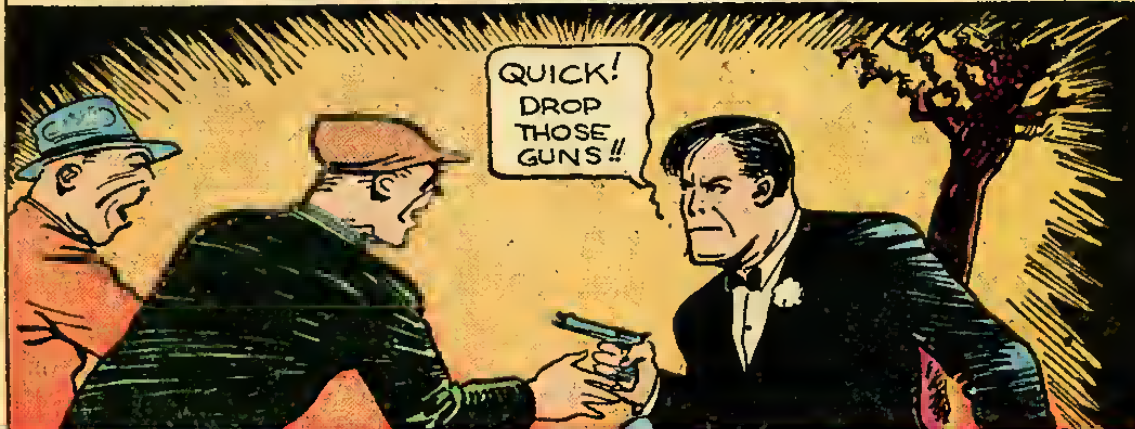
AS DALGREN DROVE THROUGH THE GATE OF THE CARTER ESTATE HE FOUND THE PRIVATE ROAD BLOCKED BY A CAR WHICH FORCED HIM TO STOP—



TWO MEN EMERGED WITH DRAWN PISTOLS—THEY DEMANDED THAT DALGREN STEP OUT OF HIS CAR, AND LEAVE THE WOMAN IN THE MACHINE—



THE FAMOUS REPORTER OBEYED THE ORDER—BUT HIS HAND WAS ON HIS OWN GUN—



THINGS HAPPENED FAST—SUDDENLY THERE WAS A FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT—THE STARTLED GANGSTERS DROPPED THEIR GUNS—DALGREN'S PISTOL WAS AIMED DIRECTLY AT THEM—



ANOTHER FLASHLIGHT POPPED JUST AS DALGREN DROVE A STAGGERING BLOW TO ONE OF THE CRIMINAL'S JAW—

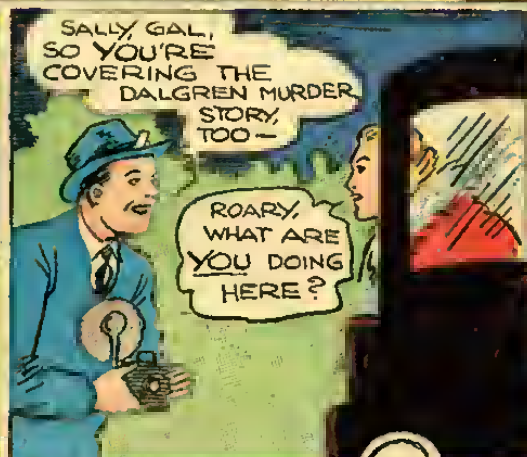


THE STATE DETECTIVES RACED UP WITH THE SEARCHLIGHT OF THEIR CAR PIERCING THE DARKNESS —



WELL, IF IT ISN'T "SOUPY DAN" HIMSELF! FANCY YOU BEING HERE!

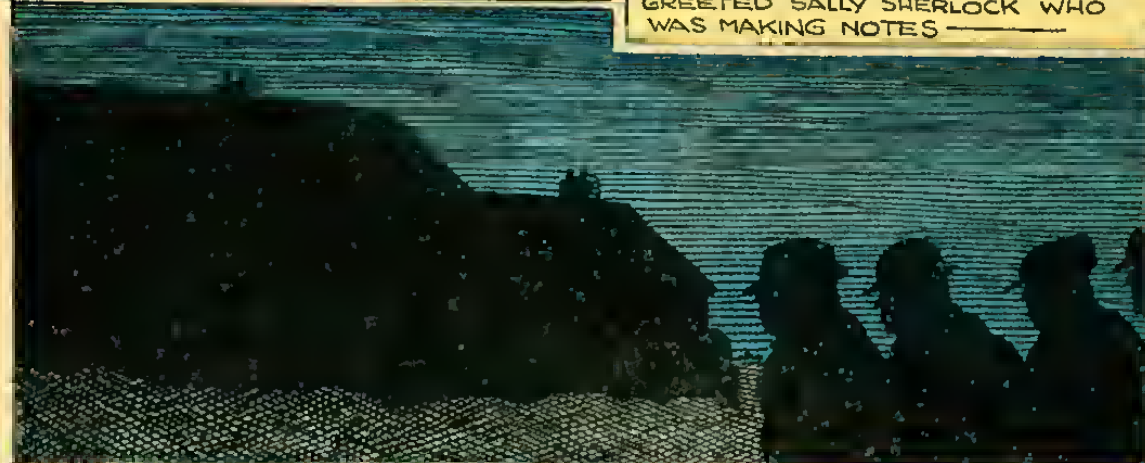
THE OFFICERS SEIZED THE TWO GUNMEN AND HANDCUFFED THEM—ONE OF THEM WAS NO OTHER THAN "SOUPY DAN", THE "FORTUNE-TELLER" WHO HAD PREDICTED DALGREN'S MURDER—HIS PAL WAS PATSY CARSTINE, A NOTORIOUS CROOK—



SALLY GAL, SO YOU'RE COVERING THE DALGREN MURDER STORY, TOO—

ROARY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THEN A TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN EMERGED FROM THE DENSE BUSHES—IT WAS ROARY SIMPSON, THE PAPER'S STAR PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO HAD SNAPPED FLASHLIGHTS OF THE ENTIRE ACTION—HE GREETED SALLY SHERLOCK WHO WAS MAKING NOTES —

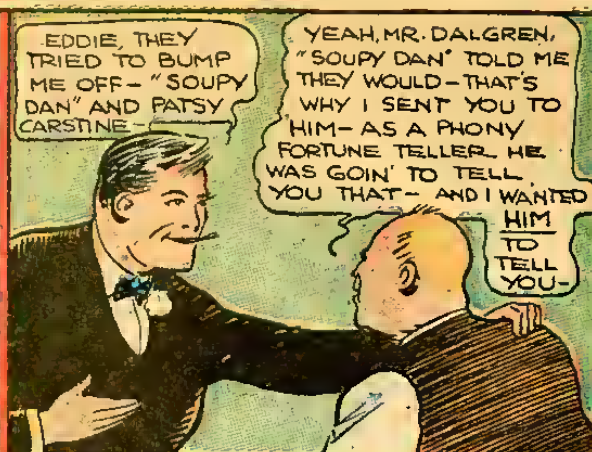


THE PLAINCLOTHES MEN AND DALGREN WITH THE GANGSTERS IN TOW APPROACHED THE CARTER MANSION—THE GREAT HOUSE WAS DARK—THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE WITHIN —



PUT THIS ON THE WIRE TO THE TIMES-NEWS. NEWS RATE!

YES, SIR-

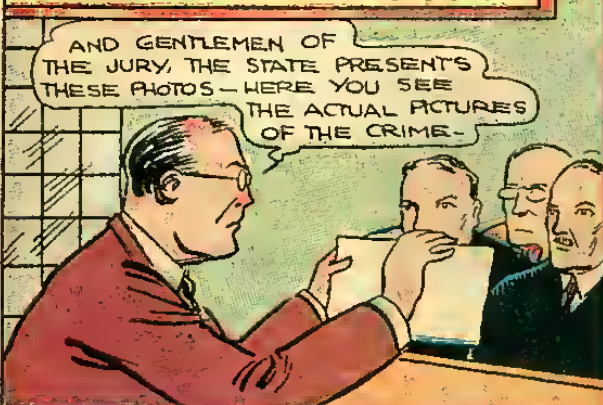


EDDIE, THEY TRIED TO BUMP ME OFF - "SOUPY DAN" AND PATSY CARSTINE -

YEAH, MR. DALGREN, "SOUPY DAN" TOLD ME THEY WOULD - THAT'S WHY I SENT YOU TO HIM - AS A PHONY FORTUNE TELLER. HE WAS GOIN' TO TELL YOU THAT - AND I WANTED HIM TO TELL YOU-

LEAVING THE GANGSTERS IN THE CUSTODY OF THE OFFICERS AND SALLY SHERLOCK IN CARE OF ROARY SIMPSON, THE NOTED REPORTER RUSHED TO THE NEAREST TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND FILED HIS STORY-

THEN SPEEDING BACK TO THE CITY BING HURRIED TO THE BASEMENT ROOM OF "HARD EDDIE" WHERE THE ABOVE CONVERSATION TOOK PLACE -

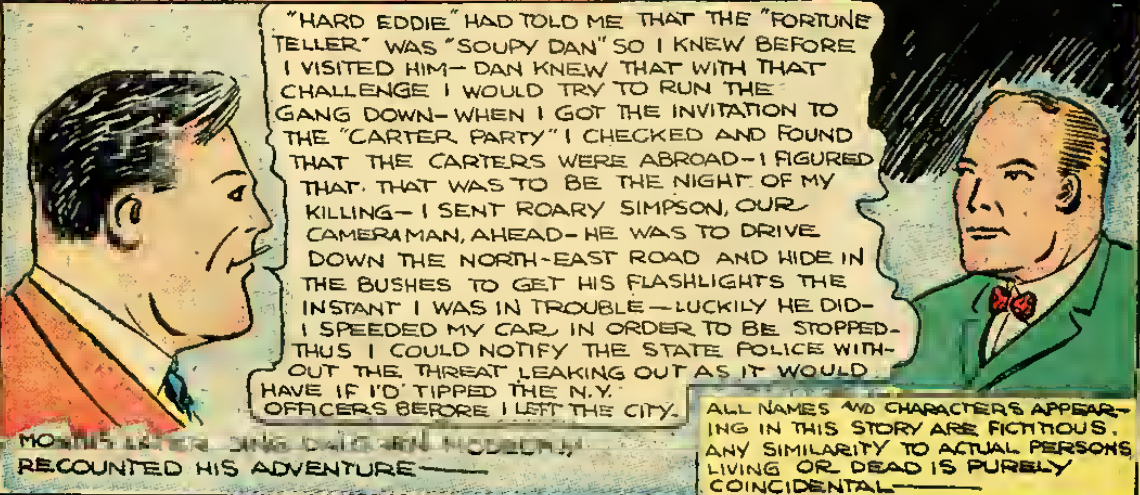


AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THE STATE PRESENTS THESE PHOTOS - WERE YOU SEE THE ACTUAL PICTURES OF THE CRIME-



WHEN THE CASE OF THE TWO CRIMINALS CAME TO TRIAL PART OF THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE MEN WERE THE ON-THE-SPOT PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY SIMPSON, THE TIMES-NEWS CAMERAMAN - THE PHOTOS ALSO APPEARED EXCLUSIVELY ON THE FIRST PAGE OF THE TIMES-NEWS -

THE STORY CREATED A SENSATION - "SOUPY DAN" AND PATSY CARSTINE WERE QUICKLY CONVICTED AND WENT TO PRISON FOR LONG TERMS -



"HARD EDDIE" HAD TOLD ME THAT THE "FORTUNE TELLER" WAS "SOUPY DAN" SO I KNEW BEFORE I VISITED HIM - DAN KNEW THAT WITH THAT CHALLENGE I WOULD TRY TO RUN THE GANG DOWN - WHEN I GOT THE INVITATION TO THE "CARTER PARTY" I CHECKED AND FOUND THAT THE CARTERS WERE ABROAD - I FIGURED THAT THAT WAS TO BE THE NIGHT OF MY KILLING - I SENT ROARY SIMPSON, OUR CAMERAMAN, AHEAD - HE WAS TO DRIVE DOWN THE NORTH-EAST ROAD AND HIDE IN THE BUSHES TO GET HIS FLASHLIGHTS THE INSTANT I WAS IN TROUBLE - LUCKILY HE DID - I SPEEDED MY CAR, IN ORDER TO BE STOPPED - THUS I COULD NOTIFY THE STATE POLICE WITHOUT THE THREAT LEAKING OUT AS IT WOULD HAVE IF I'D TIPPED THE N.Y. OFFICERS BEFORE I LEFT THE CITY.

MONTHS LATER BING DALGREN HAD BEEN RECOUNTED HIS ADVENTURE -

ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS APPEARING IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL -

MY..NAME..IS...HENRIETTA....
WON'T YOU DANCE
WITH ME?

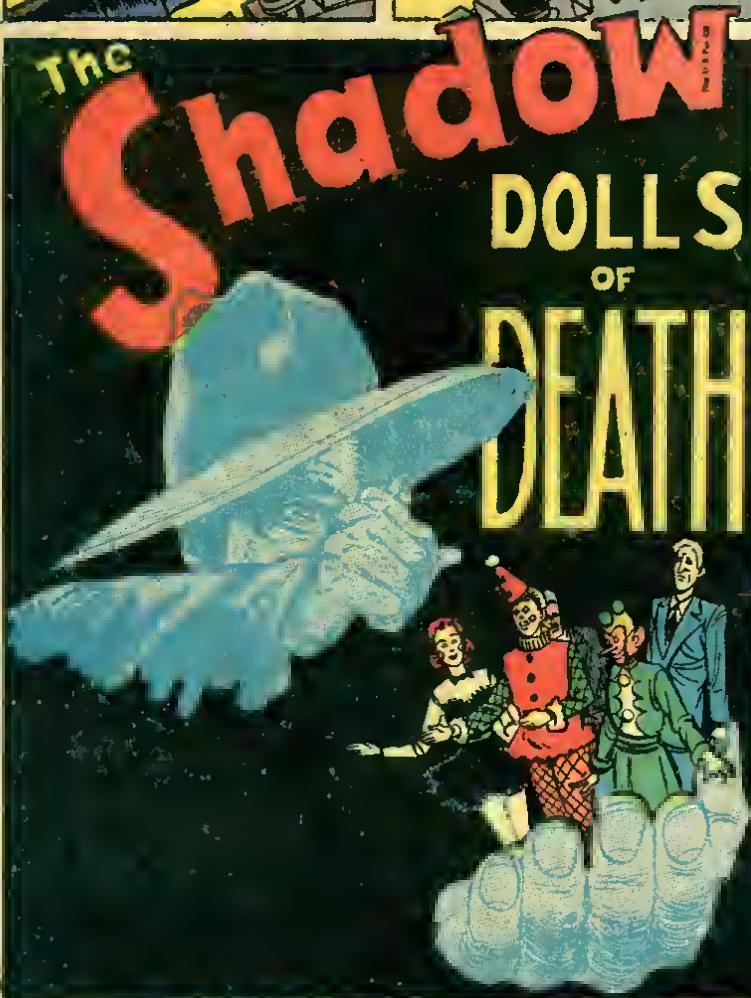
WELL I'LL
BE...!! A TALKIN',
DANCIN' MECHANICAL
DOLL!!



WHAT A GADGET! BUT SHE SURE
HITS A MEAN PACE... *WHEW!!!*
T...TAKE IT EASY!...!! UH!
AND DON'T...HOLD ME...SO...
TIGHT!



W...WONDER HOW...YOU..RE...
GULATE..THIS...THING..IT...IT'S
C...CRUSHING ME!... *HELP!!!*
UGH!! *HELP!!* *EEEAHHHH!!*



MY NAME IS HENRIETTA...WON'T
YOU..DANCE...
WITH....
MEEEEEEE!!!



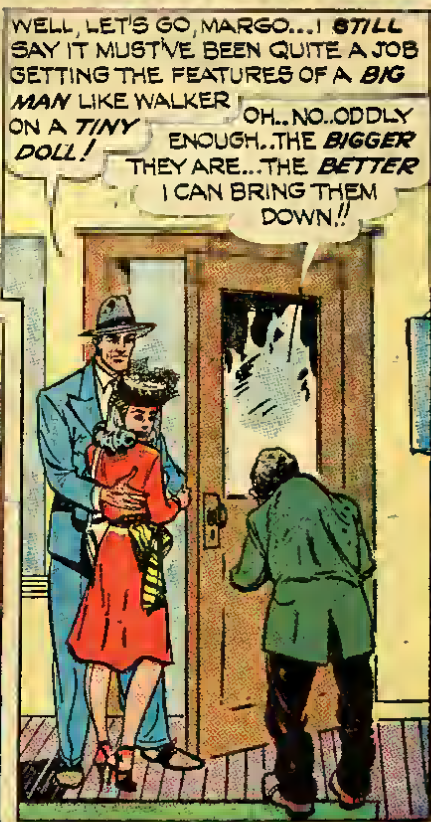
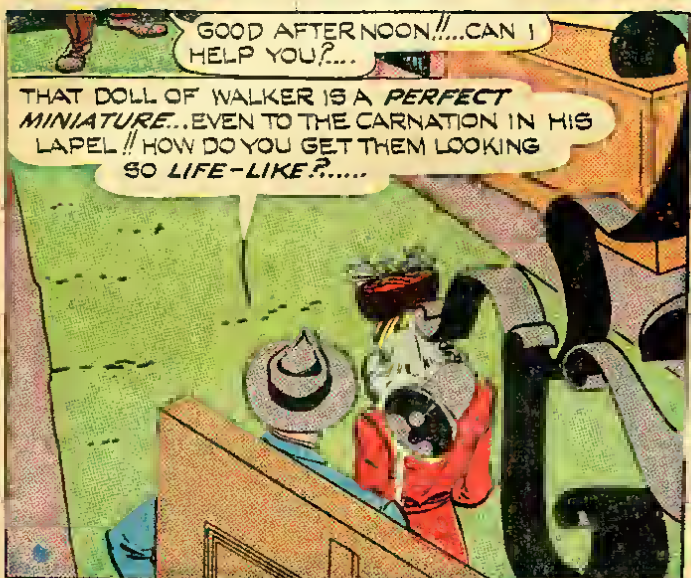
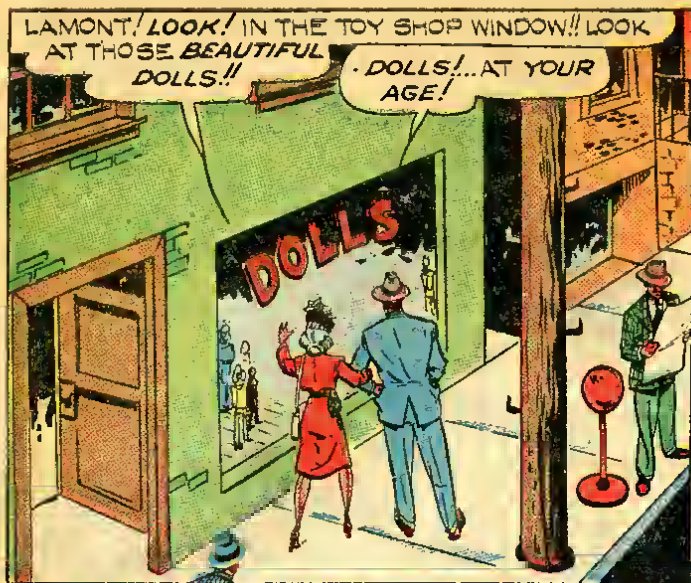
THEY WERE FASCINATING...
THE MECHANICAL DANCING
DOLLS...BUT THEY KNEW
ONLY ONE STEP...
THE DANCE OF DEATH!

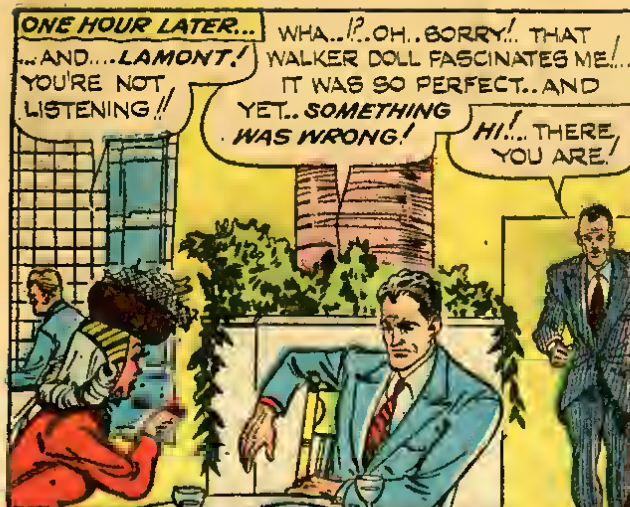
TUNE IN

EACH WEEK TO THE
OF THE
SHADOW!

THRILLING ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS
FOR TIME AND STATION





ONE HOUR LATER...

...AND...LAMONT,
YOU'RE NOT
LISTENING!!

WHA...!? OH..BORRY!! THAT
WALKER DOLL FASCINATES ME!!
IT WAS SO PERFECT..AND
YET.. SOMETHING
WAS WRONG!

HI... THERE,
YOU ARE!



HELLO, COMMISSIONER!
WHAT'S UP?...

PLENTY!..ROBERT
L. WALKER, MR.
STEEL BUSINESS HIMSELF
HAS **DISSAPPEARED**.....
VANISHED...PFFT!

ANY CLUES?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY...BUT WALKER HAD
A **MISSING FINGER** ON HIS RIGHT HAND
THAT **NOBODY** BUT HIS FAMILY KNEW
ABOUT AND... THAT DOLL OF WALKER!...
HUH? **NOW I KNOW WHAT WAS
WRONG WITH IT!...THE RIGHT
HAND HAD A FINGER
MISSING!!**

HUH?



MEANWHILE IN THE
LITTLE DOLL TOYSHOP...

THERE! HERE'S A CARD
TO MY DAUGHTER YOU
CAN ENCLOSE WITH THE
DOLL YOU MAKE
OF ME!!

FINE, MR STEELE...NOW IF
YOU'LL STEP INTO THE
SHOP WE'LL START TAKING THE
MICRO-METRIC PHOTOGRAPHS...



SAY!... WILL YOU LOOK AT **THOSE DOLLS**!!
THEY'RE MY
DANCING DOLLS....
COME!! LET ME **SHOW**
YOU!

WHY SOME OF THEM
ARE AS BIG AS
I AM!!....



...MY...NAME IS HENRIETTA
WON'T YOU DANCE
WITH ME??...

WELL I **NEVER**!!...
I'LL SAY I WILL!!...



SEVERAL HOURS LATER A SMALL BOX IS DELIVERED TO THE OFFICES OF HARVEY STEELE...

OKAY, JUNIOR, THERE YOU ARE !!!...WHAT IS IT, MARTIN?...

A PACKAGE FROM STEELE N'A NOTE TELLIN' ME TO DELIVER IT TO HIS LITTLE GIRL!!



LET'S SEE WHAT... OH!! IT... IT'S A DOLL... OF MR STEELE!!! IT...IT'S PERFECT, UGH!! IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!! ...WE INTERRUPT FOR A BULLETIN.



...THE WELL-KNOWN OIL MAN, HARVEY T. STEELE HAS DISAPPEARED...!!



THAT NIGHT IN THE DOLL SHOP...

MEEOW!! PFEET!!



QUIET, TOBY!! MR WALKER CAN'T HURT... UH?!... THAT LAUGH !!!... WHO LAUGHED? WHO'S THERE?!!...

THE SHADOW MR. CARTER!! YOU CAN'T SEE ME BECAUSE I'VE CLOUDED YOUR MIND.. BUT YOU CAN HEAR ME !!!...WHAT HAPPENED TO ROBERT WALKER.? I FOUND HIS GLOVE IN YOUR WORKSHOP!!

WHY..HE...HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT WHILE POSING FOR THE MINIATURE!!



VERY UNLIKELY!! HE NEVER TOOK THAT GLOVE OFF IN PUBLIC!! PERHAPS HE LOST IT IN A STRUGGLE?!

NO!!...NO!!... I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM...HE CAME TO MY SHOP TO HAVE A DOLL MADE... HERE!!... HERE'S HIS ORDER SLIP!!...



THIS SLIP IS SIGNED BY **HARVEY T. STEELE!**
SO HE WAS HERE **TOO!!!**

NO!... I MEAN YES!
YES!! BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE
ANYTHING!! GO AWAY!! I'M
AN OLD MAN!! THIS..THIS
EXCITEMENT!... **PLEASE!...**
LEAVE ME ALONE WITH
MY DOLLS!!



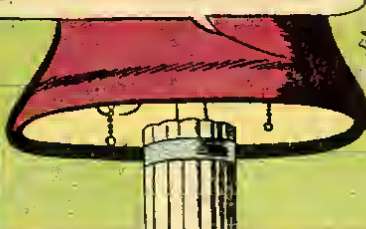
I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR THE **PRESENT...** BUT
REMEMBER!!! THE **MURDERED DEAD DON'T**
REST!... THEY'LL COME BACK AND TAKE
THEIR **REVENGE!!**



MINUTES LATER IN CRANSTON'S OFFICE....

WHAT'D YOU FIND OUT
AT THE LIBRARY,
MARGO?

PLENTY!!... THE AUTHOR OF THAT ARTICLE ON JIVARO INDIANS
IS A MAN NAMED **RICHARD CARTWRIGHT...** AN EXPLORING
SCIENTIST THAT **DISAPPEARED** IN THE
EQUADOR JUNGLES YEARS AGO!!



...AND YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT... THE NOTES
SAID HE WAS A **DWARF!... LAMONT!...** DO
YOU THINK THE
DOLL MAKER?

...IT WOULD TAKE A MAN
WITH NERVE... AND **DIABOLIC**
CUNNING... OUR DOLL MAKER'S
SHORT... AND I'M NOT SATISFIED
WITH HIS **ALIBI!!**



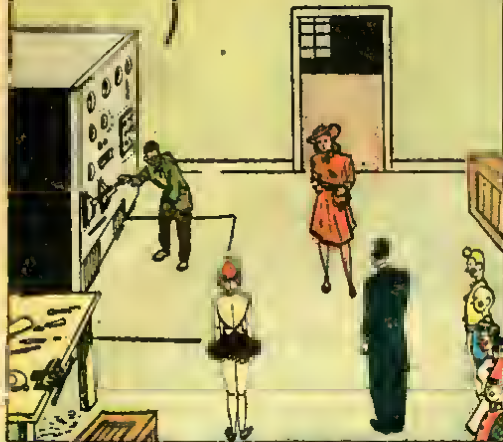
BUT IT'S **LOGICAL!**... AND IF CARTER IS CART-
WRIGHT AND HE KILLED WALKER AND STEELE,
WHAT'D HE DO WITH
THE **BODIES?**

I **THINK** I KNOW... BUT
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO
HELP ME **PROVE IT!!** YOU'RE
GOING TO **PAY THE DOLL MAKER**
A VISIT!!



TWO HOURS LATER... YOU'RE VERY KIND TO SHOW ME YOUR WORKSHOP, OH!...LIFE-SIZED DOLLS!.....

YES!.... THEY'RE **MECHANICAL DANCING DOLLS!!** WAIT.... I'LL **SHOW YOU!!**



THERE!!..THAT'S HENRI!!..ASK THE LADY FOR A DANCE, HENRI!! ...MY...NAME IS... HENRI...WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME?

HOW **CHARMING!!**... MY NAME IS MARGO AND I'D BE **DELIGHTED** TO DANCE WITH YOU!!

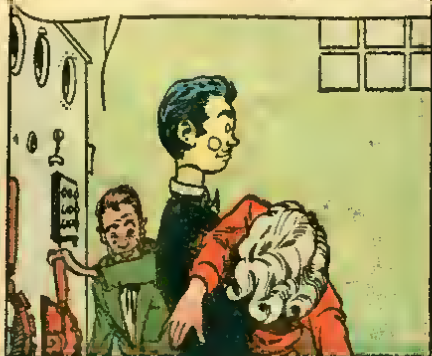
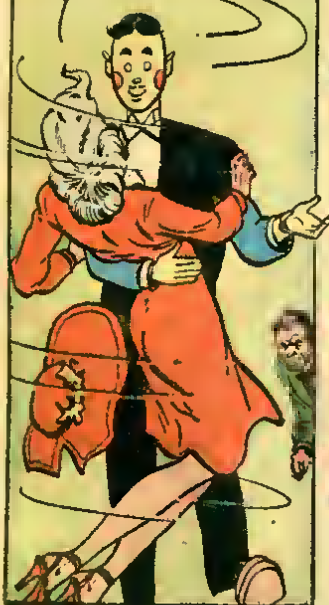


SO YOU CAME BACK TO SEE MY DOLLS, EH? WELL YOU'LL **SEE A LOT OF STUFF**

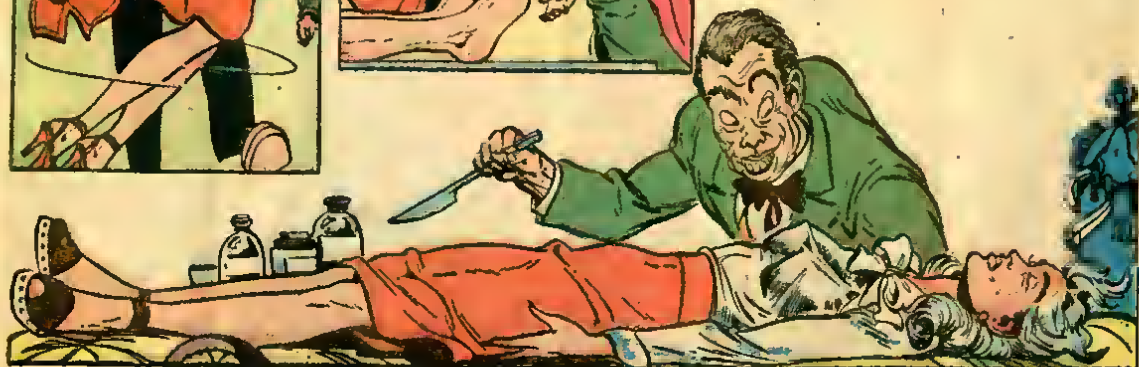
THEN YOUR GENTLEMAN FRIEND SHALL GET HIS WISH FOR A DOLL THAT WON'T TALK BACK FOR WE SHALL **MAKE ONE OF YOU...OH!!** WHAT A **SHAME!** SHE'S **FAINTED** PUT HER ON THE TABLE, HENRI, THEN GO BACK TO THE WORKROOM!

M...MR CARTER!...SOMETHING MUST BE **WRONG** WITH IT...IT...IT'S **SQUEEZING ME...** OH!.....MR CARTER!!...MR CARTER!!

THINGS!... THINGS YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ABOUT!...SEE THIS POOR CHAP THAT HENRIETTA CRUSHED?..... WELL, YOU SHALL SEE THIS HUMAN BODY REDUCED TO ONE-TENTH ITS NORMAL SIZE!!



OH!...YOU WILL MAKE A **VERY PRETTY DOLL!**...NOW WHERE IS MY **SCALPEL?**...AH HERE WE ARE!.....



FIRST I MUST MAKE AN INCISION
AT THE BASE OF THE SPINE AND
THEN SLIT THE BODY UP THE BACK,
TO REMOVE THE BONES THEN...UH!!
WHA ?!!...

DROP IT!!



MANIAC!... YOU KILLED
WALKER AND STEELE!...
DIDN'T YOU?!!... DIDN'T
YOU... CARTWRIGHT!!...



Y... YOU KNOW!... YES!... I KILLED THEM!
THEY WERE ALL BIG MEN!... HAD EVERY-
THING... MONEY... POWER... STATURE.. BUT
I WAS SMALL... AN UGLY DWARF... I HAD
NOTHING BUT MY **BRAIN**... BUT I
FOUND A WAY TO BRING
THEM DOWN! MY JIVARO
INDIAN FRIENDS TAUGHT
ME TO SHRINK HUMAN
HEADS!...



THAT... GAVE ME THE IDEA!... I SHRUNK THEIR
WHOLE BODIES!... BUT YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME!... **HEE!! HEE!!**...
NEVER!!



THERE!!... **HEE!! HEE!!**... I'VE LOCKED THE
DOOR!... HE CAN'T... UH?!!...
THAT LAUGH!! HE'S
IN HERE TOO!!...



IT'S NO USE!...
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE
THE SHADOW!!



I'LL GET YOU!!!...MY DOLLS WILL FINISH YOU!!! I'LL PULL THESE SWITCHES!!

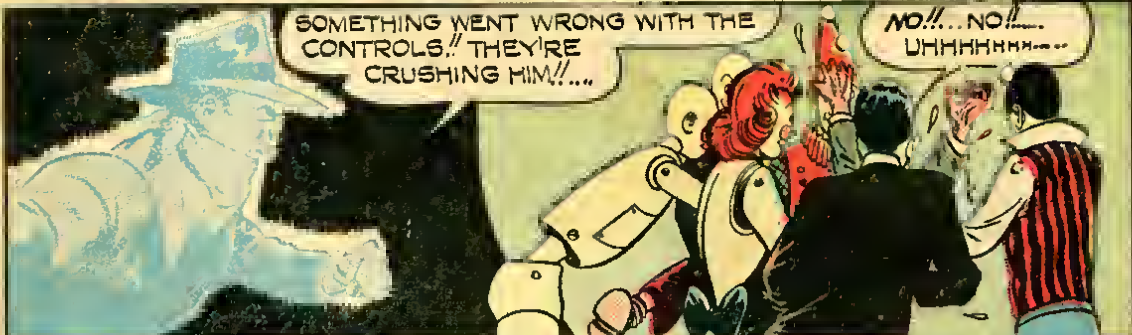


THEY'LL FIND YOU!...AND CRUSH YOU...HEE!!...HEE!!
BONE BY BONE LIKE THEY DID WALKER...UH!!...NO!!...NO!!...NOT ME!! EEEOW!!...NO!!
NO!!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE CONTROLS!! THEY'RE CRUSHING HIM!!...

NO!!...NO!!...
UHHHHHHH...--



L...MUST... HAVE FAINTED, WHAT...??C.CARTER?

CARTER HAS COMMITTED HIS LAST CRIME...HE WAS DESTROYED BY THE CREATURES OF HIS OWN MAD BRAIN!!



WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT CARTER IN THE FIRST PLACE LAMONT?

THE MISSING FINGER ON THAT DOLL OF WALKER..REMEMBER COMMISSIONER WESTON SAID HE NEVER TOOK THAT GLOVE OFF IN PUBLIC!!.....

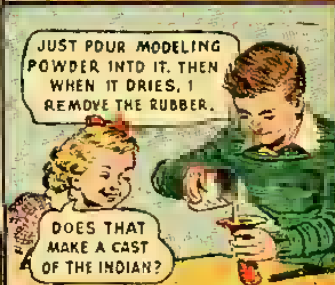
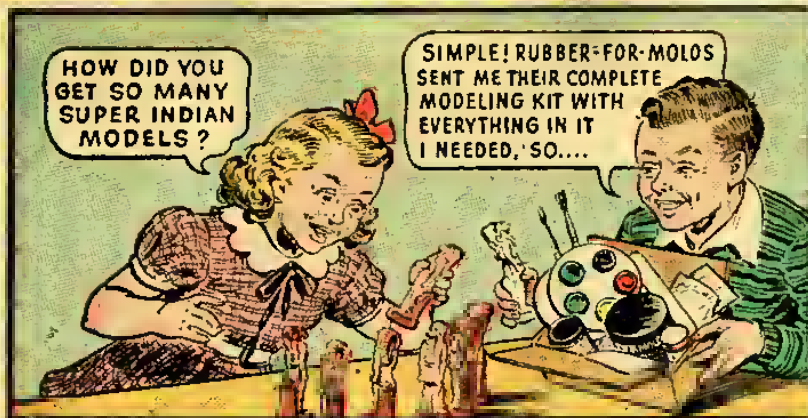


WELL, CARTER COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT IF HE HAD USED WALKER ONLY AS A MODEL..... BECAUSE IF HE HAD ONLY PHOTOGRAPHED WALKER...THE DOLL WOULD HAVE HAD A GLOVE ON THE RIGHT HAND!!



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THE U. S. MAIL..

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NOVEMBER 1947

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